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Katha Upan. I. iii. 4

Arise! Awake! and stop not till the goal is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda.

JANUARY 1913

[No. 198

SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

THE THREE GUNAS

A MAN was going through the woods. On his way he was caught by a band of three robbers. They took away everything he had. Then the first robber asked: "What is the use of keeping this man alive?" And drawing his sword he was about to kill him, when the second robber stopped him, saying: "What good will be done by killing him? Tie his hands and feet and throw him to one side." So they bound his hands and feet and went away leaving him by the roadside. After they had been gone for a while, the third robber returned and said to him: "Ah! are you hurt? Come, let me untie the cords and release you." Then when he had removed the cords he said: "Now come with me. I will show you the road." After walking for a long distance, they found the road, and then the robber said: "Look, there is your home. Follow the road and you will soon reach it." The man thanking him replied: "Sir, you have done me a great service. I am greatly obliged to you. Will you not come with me to my house?" The robber answered: "No, I cannot go there; the guard would find me out."

This world is the wilderness. The three robbers are the three Gunas of nature,—Satva, Rajas, and Tamas. Jiva, or the individual soul is the traveller; Self-knowledge is his treasure. The Tamas-quality tries to destroy the Jiva, the Rajas quality binds him with the fetters of the world, but the Satva quality protects him from the actions of Rajas and Tamas. By taking refuge with the Satva quality, Jiva becomes free from lust, anger and delusion which are the effects of Tamas; the Satva quality also emancipates the Jiva from the bondage of the world. But the Satva quality itself is also a robber. It cannot give Divine Wisdom or the knowledge of the Absolute. It leads one, however, up to the path of the Supreme Abode and then it says: "Behold, there is thy home!" Then it disappears. Even the Satva quality cannot go near the Abode of the Absolute.

A DEVOTEE of Sātvic nature offers *payesh* (sweetened milk-rice) to his chosen Deity; a Rājasic devotee gives as offerings fifty richly-spiced dishes to his God; a devotee of the *tāmasic* type offers goats and other animals as sacrifices. Difference of nature makes all the difference in the act of worship.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

ANOTHER year has rolled by and with it many circumstances have come and gone which have left their impress upon our characters. Another year of opportunity has flown by, and naturally the sincere mind examines itself as to how it has been availed of. There is no greater spur to resolution than the knowledge of opportunity unemployed. It causes one's personality to re-act upon itself in an impatient mood of repentance and to determine to face the oncoming year with greater high-mindedness and more sublime resolve. And in this sense of being dissatisfied with the results of the past year and determined to make the year that is dawning, a bright, holy one, rich with loftier purposes and richer insight—we wish most cordially to all our readers and well-wishers a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**.

To be dissatisfied with what has gone by is one of the unmistakable signs of the aspiring life. A sublime dissatisfaction is indeed the secret way of wisdom. If we are forever content with ourselves and with our realisations, what spur have we to march on with a new spirit into other fields of experience? Yes, we may have done well in the year gone by; true, we may have risen to serene and victorious heights of vision and endeavour, but there are other heights beyond, and other visions yet to come. So let us be ready and be up and doing. Let us face the future with the hearts of heroes. If we have fulfilled the responsibilities that have been ours in the year past, let us joyfully proceed to the still richer fulfilment of still more important responsibilities that are to come. Motion is the sign of life; and, psychologically speaking, dissatisfaction is a form of motion. It is positive, spiritual, creative. It is to be welcomed and made the highest use of.

Therefore, we who stand before the portals of the New Year are **DISSATISFIED**. We want to enrich ourselves spiritually still more; we are anxious to reach out to more glorious goals; we are eager to battle with the obstacles of life with an even more martial spirit. And, indeed, we who have lived in the age when Ramakrishna taught, and Vivekananda preached, feel that we can face not only the New Year but the Eternal Future itself with the spirit of true progress. For we are of the line of the Prophets and our ears have taken heed of the words of the Highest Wisdom. We are still under the shadow of the Great Spirit that was with us some years since as Ramakrishna, Vivekananda, a spirit that is undying and that makes for heroes and saints. For by the example of their lives they have left with us a Paraclete of power and of insight, and we feel that ours is not only the reconstruction of our own personality in accordance with their Light and Spirit, but verily the spiritualising of the whole Modern Transition, as it expresses itself, not only in India, but in the whole world.

And what is the process? The diffusion of the ideas that these two great souls have left behind them as their legacy to the world. For this purpose was the magazine, 'Prabuddha Bharata' established by the Swami Vivekananda, and for that reason has it received his blessings, good wishes and inspiration. For that reason has each and every one of us who are the sons and daughters of this Modern Spirit been working. Ours is the apostolic responsibility, and upon all of us, each according to his own light and nature, has the apostolic power been conferred.

Hence we can conceive of the New Year only as an opportunity of furthering the great, eclectic, liberal cause heralded by the Swami Vivekananda,—a cause identified with the preaching of the Word of God, the relief of the sufferings of the sick and distressed, the asceticism and realisation of the monk, the longings and realisations of the spiritual householder, the aspirations and the circumstances of the down-trodden masses, the spirit of righteousness and of spiritual progress at all times and in all places.

And Blessed India is our field of work. The Motherland of wisdom, the cradle of civilisation, the parent of the religious impulse and spirit,—her problems are our problems, her misery our very own! Our patriotism is one with our insight, for in India the love of country and the love of God—by the reason of the identity of religious and social interests and society being, as it were, permeated by religion—are one. He who sees deeply knows that there can be no progress for India or the Indian peoples, exclusive of the spiritual outlook and its consequent activity. And our task in the year that is upon us, will be to show throughout, the necessity of an invigoration of the spiritual consciousness, the necessity of an intensification of what the Swami Vivekananda entitled, "An Aggressive Hinduism," the necessity of spreading everywhere the knowledge of the contents and greatness of the Sanatana Dharma and the necessity of adding the activistic to the contemplative life.

For ages, by the life of the spirit, we have gathered the Power; through contemplation we have come to know ourselves. Now, what is needed is the manifestation of that Power, the Being of ourselves. And this manifestation implies that we shall be fearless, strong and free, that we shall be true men and true women, welcoming all obstacles, laughing

with the joy of the spirit at all difficulties. For we know that we, the Spirit, have never had death nor fear, nor yet birth or bondage, and in the language of Jesus Christ, neither the Power of the world nor even the gates of hell itself shall stand against us. Ours is already the Victory. Each year is proving this. The past year has contributed something. The New Year shall contribute more. For India is proving herself equal to the demands of the Modern Transition, and the Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna and the Mission of the Swami Vivekananda are with us as vital, positive, Man-making, progressive realities.

In this sense and in this spirit we begin the New Year, wishing the readers and all our friends in India and abroad—

"A Most Happy New Year!"

THE CUP

[By the Swami Vivekananda]

This is your cup—the cup assigned to you from the beginning.

Nay, My child, I know how much of that dark drink is your own brew

Of fault and passion, ages long ago.

In the deep years of yesterday, I know.

This is your road—a painful road and drear.

I made the stones that never give you rest.

I set your friend in pleasant ways and clear,

And he shall come like you, unto my breast.

But you, My child, must travel here.

This is your task. It has no joy or grace,

But it is not meant for any other hand,

And in My universe hath measured place.

Take it. I do not bid you understand.

I bid you close your eyes to see My face.

THE FINENESS OF CHARACTER

By the Sister Nivedita

ALWAYS by the path of ideas! The Motherland is nothing in the world but a vast university, and every child born within her sphere is one of its students. The ideas and ideals that constitute India have never suffered any rude wholesale interruption. They have grown steadily, always ready to adopt a new light on the old truth, the most extraordinary example in the world of absorption mingled with conservatism. Acceptance and resistance in one breath!

India is a vast university, and every child born within her borders owes to her the service of a student. Every life however simple, helps to bind up the inheritance for the future. Infinite as is our debt to the famous names of the past, it is still greater to the shadowy crowds of the *Unknown Dead*, with whom we ourselves may look to be one day joined. We must remember that in all universities, not only in the Indian university; behind all intellectual cultures, not only behind that of the *dharma*; the driving-force is CHARACTER, and the mind of humanity—which for each man is the heart of his own people—is the treasure-house, in which the fruit of our lives should rest.

It is our duty to the nation, to make the most of our opportunities of learning. In order to make the most of them, we must first cultivate fine character. Fine character is always known by the nobility of its tastes. Its leisure is always well-spent, on ends both lofty and refined. Tell me your hobbies, and I will tell you what sort of citizens you will make. Why must a man be poor in order to be admirable? The modern type of university specially sets itself to create activities to which even rich men must devote all their resource, if they are to succeed. Great libraries, archaeological collections, fine

instruments, the culture of to-day offers careers of a thousand kinds in all these directions. But in all these things a man must toil for himself. He cannot employ a servant to do his learning for him. Scholarship was never done by proxy!

The man who has fine tastes can never be vulgar. He is true to his own refinement, in every moment of his life. The respect which he has for himself, he accords to other people. He seeks noble company, and his manners tell of his own freedom of heart, and his reverence for the freedom of others. We should carry with us into all companies the memory of having been with noble persons. Without this, we are not fit for great associations, for we are ourselves without dignity. And without a constant up-springing of love and reverence to those who are about us, we cannot realise this memory. Only by respect for ourselves, respect for women as women, and respect for old age, can we build up true dignity.

Accustomed to our language with its fine gradations of terms, those who speak English are apt to imagine that there are in modern languages no means of expressing delicate degrees of honour. But let the *feeling* of honour and reverence be in the mind, and you will find that *any* language will express it for you! The word *you* becomes fifty different words, for the man who is really conscious of what is due to others.

Yet in fine manners there is no Slavishness. There must be grandeur and freedom of bearing. The man's homage must be to the *ideal* that he recognises, not merely to the *person* who for the moment embodies it. There must be no LAZINESS. The quiet of outward conduct must be expressive of intense activity of mind and heart.

Laziness, like cowardice, is an affront to those who call us theirs. For their sakes, if not for our own, we must bear ourselves as those entrusted with great parts. But our activity must not be *fussiness*. Are these distinctions not of the very essence of fine manners?

Above all, our great duty as Hindus is to hold the world always as a network of ideals. Behind the new fact, we must strive ever to find the ideal that it illustrates. In our reverence for those about us, we must pay our homage to the ideals of our own past. We must remember that the problems of to-day are all problems of the ideal world. If we can step from ideal to ideal, from the realisation of the known, to the struggle for the unknown, then we shall do our whole duty. It is the man who sees externals who brings about degradation. The man who dreams only of the spirit within the external, is the true world-builder.

In the strength of the past, not despising or doubting it, we have to plunge into the future. With belief in ourselves, we have to learn reverence with freedom. Because we are born into the university of Idealism, we must approach the task of throwing the old ideals into new forms. Our fathers have shown us how to worship. We have inherited from them the love of truth and the thirst for knowledge. Shall we not hold the new knowledge holy as well as the old? As they used to approach individual perfection through the *svadharma*, the duty of the caste, so must we, each man through his own subject, approach his own ideal. Shall we be less strenuous for science, for history, for ethnology, than they were for philosophy, for logic, for mathematics, for grammar? And how they worked! They made no distinction in knowledge. They did not choose the easy path. *Nalanda toila*. And in whatever we engage, let us remember that the one dynamic force is character, that—

Yato Dharmastato jayah.

THE LORD IS PASSING BY.

Before the world was I was here,
Before the land or sea —
No monarch or master ever set
A bound to My liberty.
To the soil parched by the thirsty heat
I bring the cooling showers;
And the loneliest, quietest spots on earth
I deck with the sweetest flowers;
And the loneliest, saddest hearts on earth
With My whispers of hope I cheer;
And in My heart of Omiscient Love
Is a balm for every fear.

The seed hid away in mother earth
To await the coming spring
Bursts forth unto the light, its second birth,
By virtue of the strength I bring,
The dainty tints of the delicate flower
With my unseen brush I paint;
I flutter the rags of shame and sin;
I smooth the robes of the saint;
The harvest's wealth and the strong man's health
Are equally due to Me;
And talents all, whether great or small,
Bring accountability.

All kindly thoughts and gentle deeds,
As the busy moments fly,
I garner up in eternal stores
For the use of the by-and-bye;
All cherished hopes for humanity's good,
With aspirations high
Shall blossom there as roses fair,
For love can never die;
The silent tear and the anxious heart
(Unmarked as the world goes round),
I treasure up in my heart of hearts,
Where the lost are ever found.

When Virtue trampled in mire and dust
Breathes her expiring cry,
And Wrong triumphs to outward sense,
Behold! I am passing by;
I am passing by and I hear each sigh;
I know the griefs of the poor,
The toiler's need and the spoiler's greed,
And my rewards are sure;
I mark the Error and I mark the Truth—
The darkness is light to Me;
I shine on the mountain's rocky steep;
I am buried beneath the sea;
I am! I am! I ever have been!
I ever more shall be!
I mark the Error and I mark the Truth,
And My own is known to Me!

--The World's Advance Thought.

IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

XIV

When my soul had entered the Silence of meditation, the Voice of the Guru said,—

"My son, do I not know all thy weaknesses? Why dost thou worry? Is not life beset with trials and tribulations? But thou art a Man. Let not faint-heartedness take possession of thy soul. Remember that within thee is the Almighty Spirit. Thou canst be what thou chooseth. There is only one obstacle,—thyself. The body rebels, the mind wavers,—but of the end be sure. For nothing can ultimately withstand the power of the Spirit. If thou art sincere with thyself, if in the depth of thy self there is integrity then all is well. Nothing can have full or final possession of thee. Cultivate openness of mind and heart. Conceal nothing from me with reference to thyself. Study thy mind as though it were a thing apart from thee. Speak frankly concerning thyself to those with whom thy soul finds true association. For the gates of hell itself cannot stand against a soul which is sincere. Sincerity is the one thing needed.

"After all, most of thy faults arise out of the body-consciousness. Treat thy body as though it were a lump of clay. Make it subservient to the purposes of thy will. Character is everything, and the power of character is the power of will. This is the whole secret of the spiritual life; this is the whole meaning of religious effort. Behold the civilisations. How man glories over the pomp of sense powers and sense realities. But at bottom it is all sex and food. The mind of the majority has arisen out of these two all-comprising facts. We cover the corpse with flowers, but it is all the same a corpse. Therefore, let the child of the spirit be deep in his study of what the world calls great. For at heart it is all putrid, being grossly

corporeal and physical. Have nothing to do with the ephemeral things of the world or with its attractions. Tear off the masks with which the body hides its shame. Enter into that insight where thou knowest that thou art not of these things. Thou art the Spirit; and know that the rise or fall of empires, the tendencies of cultures or of civilisations are of little import to the highest spiritual consciousness. Know That which is unseen to be truly great; know That to be truly desirable.

"Be thou the child of poverty; have thou an intense passion for purity. Lust and Gold make up the fabric of the worldly spirit. Root these out from thy nature. Know all tendencies thereunto to be poisons, one and all. Vomit out from thy nature all defilement. Wash thy soul clean from all impurities. See life as it is; and then shalt thou know it as Maya, neither good, nor yet evil, but something to be utterly given up, for it is all of the body and of the body-idea. Harken to each whispering of thy higher nature. Seize avariciously each message of thy Self. For Spiritual opportunity is a rare privilege, and unless thou takest heed, when the Voice enters the Silence, thou being busied with the call of the senses shalt not hear It; and thy personality shall fall into the clutches of habits that will cause it to perish. Only one message have I for thee: Remember that thou art the Spirit. The Power is behind thee. To be sincere is to be free. Be loyal to thy spiritual inheritance, for to be loyal is likewise to be free. Let every step which thou dost take be a step forward, and as thou goest along the highway of life, more and more shalt thou feel that thou art free. If thou hast integrity behind thee thou canst face all men. Be true to thyself. Then shall thy words ring with the accents of reality. Thou shalt speak the

language of realisation. And thou shalt gain the power which shall make others whole.

"Each man radiates the force of his character. One can never hide himself. If one is physically deformed, all men see the deformity. And if thou art spiritually deformed, likewise intuitively all men shall know. For when thou speakest of the things of the soul, men will feel that thou speakest that which is not in thy heart. Thou wilt not be able to communicate unto them anything whatsoever of the spiritual life. For thou thyself art not in and of it. Therefore, if thou wouldst become a Prophet of the Most High, busy thyself with self-reform. Keep guard over thy nature; watch every impulse; spiritualise thy instincts. Be sincere. But I would charge thee to keep thy realisations in reserve. Cast not thy pearls before swine. If thou dost feel wondrous states of the Spirit, remain silent, lest by loud talk thou dost detract from their intensity. Ponder over what thou receivest. Go with all things into the silence of the Spirit. Guard all thy wisdom and all thy realisations as a thief guards his possessions. Thou must conserve thyself; and when thou hast practised silence for some time, then shall that with which thy heart has become full, overflow; and thou shalt become a treasure and a power unto men.

"There is one path of austerity which I recommend to thee. Meditate on the terrible. For the terrible is everywhere. Truly, has it been said by a Sage, 'Everything that one touches is pain.' Know this not in a morbid, but in a triumphant sense. In all mystical experience, in one form or another, thou shalt find this worship of the terrible. In reality, it is NOT the worship of the terrible. It is terrible only to him who dwells in the senses. Pleasing and terrible are terms which have meaning only to one who is the bond-slave of the body-idea. But thou hast gone beyond,—at least in thought and aspiration, if not in realisation. By

meditation on the terrible thou shalt assuredly overcome the lust of the senses. Thou shalt embrace the life of the soul. Thou shalt be made pure and free. And thus, more and more thou shalt become united with me, who am on the other side of life. Never see life physically; study it psychically. Realise it spiritually. Then immediately the whole purport of the spiritual life shall be made clear to thee. Thou shalt know why saints love poverty and purity and shun, by fight or flight, anything that savours of Lust and Gold.

"Let this suffice. Follow what I have said. Think over it until the nervous system takes it up, and the fever of these ideas and their loftiness and ecstasy course through thy veins, renew thy personality and make thee altogether whole."

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH

There are three lessons I would write,—

Three words with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the Shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,—
Know this,—God rules the hosts of Heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,—
But man, as man, thy brother call.
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,—
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.

—Schiller.

GLEANINGS

(Collected by a Seeker)

Mind is clever, mind is king and mind is beggar;
but the mind which seeks God will undoubtedly
meet God.

Although in you is your looking-glass, you cannot
see your face in it; but you will see it, if only
the wanderings of your mind will cease.—Kabir.

Before the wisdom of faith, the wisest of men
must hide their faces in very shame. It is such faith
as this which sees God everywhere and evolves truth
and purity even out of this world of impurity.

—Keshub Chandra Sen.

The Divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness and the
like—by these the wing of the soul is nourished
and grows apace.—Plato.

No truth is ours until we first live it; until it
enters our lives and we become it.—D. S. Jordon.

For nothing other than a noble aim
Up from its depth can stir humanity,
The narrow circle narrows, too, the mind
And man grows greater as his ends are great.

—Schiller.

How many unessential things can we let go with
a smile; how many things can we hold on to with
a grim determination! This means the extent to
which we are lords of ourselves. And because
the things that enslave us are so vastly in excess
of the things that aid us, the process of relinquish-
ing takes first importance in *any regime* of soul-
growth.—E. Purinton.

Never be in a hurry; do everything quietly and
in a calm spirit. Do not lose your inward peace
for anything whatsoever, even if your whole world
seems upset.—St. Francis De Sales.

What are members kind,
By force of custom, man who man would be
Must rule the empire himself, in it
Must be supreme establishing his theme
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

—Shelley.

Tolerance means reverence for all the possi-
bilities of truth; it means acknowledgment that she
dwells in diverse mansions, and wears vestures of
many colours and speaks in strange tongues; it
means frank respect for freedom of indwelling
conscience against mechanic forms, official con-
ventions, social force; it means the charity that
is greater than even faith and hope.

—John Morley.

To worship a black stone because it fell from
heaven may not be wholly wise, but it is half way
to being wise, half way to worship heaven itself.
It is not true folly to think that stones see, but it
is to think that eyes do not. It is not true folly
to think that stones live—but it is to think that
souls do not.—Ruskin.

We cannot know God truly unless we are God.

If God is defined to mean an existence other
than the existence of which I am a mode, then I
deny God and affirm that it is impossible God can
be, that is I affirm one existence and deny that
there can be more than one.—Bradlaugh.

Great souls are like mountain summits. The
wind beats upon them, clouds envelop them;
but we breathe better and deeper there than
elsewhere. The air on those heights possesses a
purity which cleanses the heart of its defilements,
and when the clouds part we dominate the hu-
man race.—Romain Rolland.

"I resolve to do my work! To live!
To see to it I grow, I gain, I give;
Never to look behind me for an hour,
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting forward to the fight,
Always, and always facing toward the light,
On with what strength I have, back to the way."

SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

[*Unpublished Notes of a lecture delivered by the Swami Vivekananda at the Unitarian Church, Feb. 28th. 1900*]

BETWEEN all great religions of the world there are many points of similarity ; and so startling is this likeness, at times, as to suggest the idea that in many particulars the different religions have copied from each other.

This act of imitation has been laid at the door of different religions, but that it is a superficial charge is evident from the following facts :—

Religion is fundamental in the very soul of humanity,—and as all life is the evolution of that which is within,—it of necessity expresses itself through various peoples and nations.

The language of the soul is one, the languages of nations are many ; their customs and methods of life are widely different. Religion is of the soul and finds expression through various nations, languages and customs. Hence it follows that the difference between the religions of the world is one of expression and not of substance ; and their points of similarity and unity are of the soul, are intrinsic, as the language of the soul is one, in whatever peoples and under whatever circumstances it manifests itself. The same sweet harmony is vibrant there also, as it is on many and diverse instruments.

The first thing in common in all great religions of the world is the possession of an authentic book. When religious systems have failed to have such a book, they have become extinct. Such was the fate of the religions of Egypt. The authentic book is the hearthstone, so to speak, of each great religious system, around which its adherents gather, and from which radiates the energy and life of the system.

Each religion, again, lays the claim that its particular book is the only authentic word of God ; and that all other sacred books are false and are impositions upon poor human credulity ; and that to follow another religion is to be ignorant and spiritually blind.

Such bigotry is characteristic of the orthodox element of all religions. For instance, the orthodox followers of the Vedas claim that the Vedas are the only authentic word of God in the world ;

that God has spoken to the world only through the Vedas ; not only that, but that the world itself exists by virtue of the Vedas. Before the world was, the Vedas were. Every thing in the world exists because it is in the Vedas. A cow exists because the name cow is in the Vedas ; that is, because the animal we know as a cow is mentioned in the Vedas. The language of the Vedas is the original language of God, all other languages are mere dialects and not of God. Every word and syllable in the Vedas must be pronounced correctly, each sound must be given its true vibration, and every departure from this rigid exactness is a terrible sin and unpardonable.

Thus, this kind of bigotry is predominant in the orthodox element of all religions. This fighting over the letter is indulged in only by the ignorant, the spiritually blind. All who have actually attained any real religious nature never wrangle over the form in which the different religions are expressed. They know that the life of all religions is the same, and, consequently, they have no quarrel with anybody because he does not speak the same tongue.

The Vedas are, in fact, the oldest sacred books in the world. Nobody knows anything about the time when they were written or by whom. They are contained in many volumes and I doubt that any one man ever read them all.

The religion of the Vedas is the religion of the Hindus, and the foundation of all Oriental religions ; that is, all other Oriental religions are offshoots of the Vedas ; all Eastern systems of religions have the Vedas as authority.

It is an irrational claim to believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ and at the same time to hold that the greater part of His teachings have no application at the present time. If you say that the reason that the powers do not follow them that believe, (as Christ said they would,) is because you have not faith enough, and are not pure enough,—that will be all right. But to say

that they have no application at the present time is to be ridiculous.

I have never seen the man who was not, at least, my equal. I have travelled all over the world; I have been among the very worst kind of people—among cannibals—and I have never seen the man who is not at least my equal. I have done as they do,—when I was a fool. Then I did not know any better, now I do. Now they do not know any better; after a while they will. Every one acts according to his own nature. We are all in process of growth. From this standpoint one man is not better than another.

THE MASTER OF THE FLAME

(An Advaita Sutra)

Know I the All-Devouring Flame,
The Life-and-Death-Devouring Flame !
Aye,—and the Feeder of the Flame !
For ere, the Light Primeval dawned,
Ere the Semblances of Form arose,
I dwelt—the maker of the Flame—
Encompassed within the Self I am !
And the Self is That All-Mightiness !
Indifferent am I how the Flame
Leaps and twists and burns and runs.
For I am the Flameless Essence of the Flame.
Yea—I am He Whom the Flame knows not.
Aye, in the Darkest Secret do I dwell ;
Nor can the Flame of Life illumine That.
The Light and Force that is the flame,
In the proper timings of Thy Will,
I draw into the Fathomlessness
Of That which is the Everlasting I
And Self Eternal ere the Dawn of Life.
Lo ! I am the Free, the Limitless, the Free,
Snatcher of the Flame of life and death !
In myriad concordances of light
I make the One-Shaped Flame the Myriad Many.
And, yet, I blot out the Myriad-many,
Yea,—blot out as well the One-Shaped Flame.
And all that doth remain is I,
Maker, Feeder, Destroyer of the Flame—
I, the Ancient Self Inscrutable,
Shrouded in the Unit Formlessness !
I am the Space-transcending, Oceanic Self,
The rush of Timeless, Thoughtless Being !
With thought and form, I feed the Flame ;
But—apart from thought and form—
I am the Essence, the Flameless Essence !
—Brahmachari Sankaradas.

EPISTLES OF

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

III

Ajmere, 14th April, 1891.

Dear G. S.—

* * Try to be pure and unselfish—that is the whole of religion. * *

Yours with love,

V.

IV

Abu, 30th April, 1891

Dear G. S.—

Have you done the Upanayana of that Brāhman boy? Are you studying Sanskrit? How far have you advanced? I think you must have finished the first part.....Are you diligent in your Shiva Puja? If not, try to be so. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all good things will be added unto you." Follow God and you shall have whatever you desire....To the two Commander Sahebs my best regards; they being men of high position were very kind to a poor fakir like me. My children, the secret of religion lies not in theories but in practice. To be good and to do good—that is the whole of religion. Not he that crieth 'Lord,' 'Lord,' but he that doeth the will of the Father." You are a nice band of young men, you Alvaris, and I hope in no distant future many of you will be ornaments of the society and blessings to the country you are born in.

Yours with blessings,

V.

P. S.—Don't be ruffled if now and then you get a brush from the world; it will be over in no time and everything will be all right.

V

Mount Abu, 1891

Dear G. S.—

You must go on with your Japam whatever direction the mind takes. Tell Harbux

that he is to begin with the Pranayama in the following way. * *

Try hard with your Sanskrit studies.

Yours with love,

V.

VI

C/o G. W. Hale, Chicago,
U. S. A.

Dear G. S.—

Do you keep any correspondence with my *gurbhāis* of Calcutta? Are you progressing morally, spiritually and in your worldly affairs?.....Perhaps you have heard how for more than a year I have been preaching Hindu religion in America. I am doing very well here. Write to me as soon as you can and as often as you like.

Yours with love,

Vivekananda.

VII

U. S. A.

Dear G. S.—

* * Honesty is the best policy, and a virtuous man must gain in the end.....you must always bear in mind, my son, that however busy or however distant, or living with men however high in position I may be, I am always praying, blessing and remembering everyone of my friends, even the humblest.

Yours with blessings

Vivekananda.

VIII

63 St. George's Road,
London, S. W.
6th July, 1896,

Dear F—

Things are going on with me very well on this side of the Atlantic.

The Sunday lectures were quite successful, so were the classes. The season has ended,

and I too am thoroughly exhausted. I am going to make a tour in Switzerland with Miss Muller. The G—s have been very very kind. J— brought them round splendidly. I simply admire J— in her tact and quiet way. She is a feminine statesman or woman. She can wield a kingdom. I have seldom seen such strong yet good common sense in a human being. I will return next Autumn and take up the work in America.

The night before last I was at a party at Mrs. M—'s, about whom you must already know a good deal from J—.

Well, the work is growing silently yet surely in England. Almost every other man or woman came to me and talked about the work. This British Empire with all its drawbacks is the greatest machine that ever existed for the dissemination of ideas. I mean to put my ideas in the centre of this machine, and they will spread all over the world. Of course, all great work is slow and the difficulties are too many, especially as we Hindus are the conquered race. Yet, that is the very reason why it is bound to work, for spiritual ideals have always come from the down-trodden. Jews overwhelmed the Roman Empire with their spiritual ideals. You will be pleased to know that I am also learning my lessons every day in patience and, above all, in sympathy. I think I am beginning to see the Divine, even inside the high and mighty Anglo-Indians. I think I am slowly approaching to that state when I would be able to love the very "Devil" himself, if there were any.

At twenty years of age I was the most unsympathetic, uncompromising fanatic; I would not walk on the footpath, on the theatre-side of the streets in Calcutta. At thirty-three, I can live in the same house with prostitutes and never would think of saying a word of reproach to them. Is it degenerate? or is it that I am broadening out into the Universal Love which is the Lord Himself?

Again, I have heard that if one does not see the evil round him, he cannot do good work—he lapses into a sort of fatalism. I do not see that. On the other hand, my power of work is immensely increasing and becoming immensely effective. Some days I get into a sort of ecstasy. I feel that I must bless every one, everything, love and embrace everything, and I do see that evil is a delusion. I am in one of these moods now, dear F—, and am actually shedding tears of joy at the thought of you and Mrs. L—'s love and kindness to me. I bless the day I was born. I have had so much of kindness and love here, and that love infinite that brought me into being has guarded every one of my actions good or bad, (don't be frightened), for what am I, what was I ever but a tool in His hands?—for whose service I have given up everything, my beloved ones, my joys, my life. He is my playful darling, I am His playfellow. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the Universe! What reason binds Him? He the playful one is playing these tears and laughter over all parts of the play! Great fun, great fun, as J— says.

It is a funny world, and the funniest chap you ever saw is He—the Beloved-Infinite! Fun, is it not? Brotherhood or playmatehood—a school of romping children let out to play in this playground of the world! Isn't it? Whom to praise, whom to blame, it is all His play. They want explanations, but how can you explain Him? He is brainless, nor has He any reason. He is fooling us with little brains and reason, but this time He won't find me napping.

I have learnt a thing or two: Beyond, beyond reason and learning and talking is the feeling, the "Love," the "Beloved." Aye, "Sake" fill up the cup and we will be mad.

Yours ever in madness,

Vivekananda.

AN ADVAITA STOTRA

Supreme, distinct from mind and form,
Above the bounds of space and time,
There is the Deathless Atman, Free.
It alone is real, alone is true.
The fetters of sense are myriad-many :
The Atman is beyond their bondage ;
They bind the dreamer, make his dream,—
The Awakened One they cannot touch ;
Myriad the realms of form and mind.
Myriadfold, of causes and effects, the law
That makes and breaks the universe we know,—
The Formless, Causeless Atman is beyond ;
Beyond this darkness, beyond this living death,
Beyond all change, beyond all good or ill,
Beyond attraction, and beyond attachment,—
It is the Self-contained, the Self-concerned !
What is that Self ! No words can speak,
No reach of thought can ever touch
Formless,—It pervades the universe ;
Thoughtless,—It transcends the highest flights of
mind.
It is the Great and Everlasting Truth
Beyond the lie of life, beyond its dreams ;
It is the Vast, Divine Illumination
Beyond the Night of Time, the Night of Life.
The universe but an appearance is
Of That which ever dwells beyond appearance.
The whole world's form is but a fleeting shadow
Of the formlessness of That which is the Self.
Know, Great One, whate'er the Dream contains
Of good or ill, of pleasure or of pain
Thy Self,—It is beyond the void of dreams,
Beyond their bondage and beyond their cause.
Thine is Freedom ; Thou art the Ever-Free
Thy Self is God ; God is Thy Very Self !

Brahmachari Sankaradas.

IN THE LAND OF THE MUMMY

NO part of the world holds a monopoly on the opportunities for health, or for wealth or for happiness, for these things depend much on the individual. To the one whose bodily frailty makes living in regions of extreme heat or cold, or of sudden and violent changes of temperature, a burden to himself and others; to the seeker after rest or recreation, in change of environment; to the one who would spend a vacation under conditions that are certain to be wholly interesting, Egypt offers many advantages. Perhaps at no period of the year is Egypt more delightful than in February and March. The atmosphere is extremely clear and dry, the air cool and balmy, and the ground covered with verdure.

No European can travel in this country without a perpetual reminder that he is indeed in an old-world land stored with historic interests, places whose very names breathe romance and adventures, where one can lose oneself in glorious reveries on the lessons of the past, its sciences, discoveries and strange traditions, and the exploits and achievements of those who were great and famous in the land.

It is surprising that of the thousands of Westerners who annually return home from India, but a small proportion turn aside from their homeward course to visit Egypt. Yet those who pass it by, forego the memory of a country stately, impressive, and Oriental. It is true the country must suffer in comparison with its grander sister India, for its beauty is of dignity rather than of reverence: it has not the sense of reverence, the suggestion of veiled infinities that catch at your heart-strings in Hindusthan.

Even people sated with much sight-seeing are thrilled by what they see in Egypt, for so many centuries the land of the buried, but

which has now become the land of the risen dead.

Cairo teems with interest and is one of the most fascinating cities of the East and must be seen and enjoyed by all cosmopolitans.

Its character was originally purely Arabic and is still mainly so, though in modern times the European style in architecture has become more and more prevalent, especially in the newer quarters. In the centre of the town is situated the Esbekiya Square, which displays a combination of the European and Asiatic elements. Streets upon streets of houses, mosques with imposing domes and stately minarets meet the eye on every side and the hum and rumour of active life strike upon the ear persistently.

The thoroughfares are gay with Copts, Jews, Armenians, Nubians, Europeans, and the extraordinary conglomeration of races that make up the city. Electric trams buzz along filled with passengers, carriages and motors ebb and flow every hour of the day, the Hotel-porters shoulder the importunate hawkers of spurious antiquities, dragomen elbow tourists and smartly-dressed ladies pass hither and thither. The shrieking of the *arabiya* coachmen, the voices of the donkey-boys, the cry of the camel-drivers, the clang of the brasses of the sherbet-sellers, the song of the vendors of the sweetmeats, all add to the turmoil and hubbub of the streets. Indeed, this is a picture which once seen is never forgotten.

The extraordinary mixture of the old order and the new is very noticeable, at first. One sees the two worlds in vivid contrast, the world of the bustling West, blending with the old world where the ox still treadeth out the corn and the faithful turn to Mecca at the call from the neighbouring *minaret*.

The swarthy children of the desert come and go with staid composure, sauntering in

a languid way, condescending to act as guide and servant to the visitors in consideration of good *backshish*. The Bedouin in his brown and white raiment passes by calm and dignified, and the peasant class, called *fellahs*, in blue garments and brown caps mingle with the throng. The women are clad in a long, loose-sleeved dress, mostly of black and veiled in the old Egyptian fashion, up to the eyes. The better class wear voluminous black silk cloaks, and the face veil with a curious old ornament on their foreheads. Though the women are secluded they have much more liberty than the same class in India. The Egyptian of the town is of mixed descent. He wears the *tarboosh*, the red flat-topped fez, which is used by all except the poorest.

As one strolls through the crowded streets one seems to be withdrawn for a while from the precincts of modern life and to live for once in the past and amidst past recollections and past incidents. One rubs one's eyes and wonders if one is moving in the twentieth century. The scene is more like something from the Arabian Nights!

Great and irresistible are the manifold charms of Cairo. Its position on the border of the desert, near by the Sphinx and the Pyramids of Giseh, give it a remarkable interest which has inspired many a lively and facile pen.

The Citadel stands on a rocky eminence and its glittering spires reaching out to the blue of the sky are to be seen from almost any part of the city. The red brick building looks very formidable. It contains the fine mosque of Mohammed Ali, with its slender minarets and its rich decorations in alabaster. Visitors and townspeople mount to this crown of Cairo to gaze with pride at the magnificent panorama unfolded at their feet. To see the glory of the sunset at Cairo this is the best position. From the ramparts of the Citadel I watched the sunset bathing the Pyramids in a purple and gold light throwing a glamour

over the Western plain, with splashes of intense colour and softer shades melting away into deepest shadows. To witness this scene is to see a dream become materialised!

Just before I arrived in Cairo (Feb. 27th) the return of the Kisweh or Holy Carpet had been celebrated with general rejoicing by the faithful. The Kisweh is the covering of the Temple of Mecca which contains the *Kaaba*, consecrated to the memory of the Prophet, a religious tribute annually supplied by Cairo. Over three hundred people are employed every year to make the Carpet which costs £ 10,000. Crowds of pilgrims attend the journeyings of the Kisweh and the prescribed ceremonies at Mecca are still zealously regarded with every attention to early tradition. The ceremony consists in walking round the *Kaaba* seven times, salutation of the Holy Stone, the drinking of the water of the Holy Well of Zemzem and visits to the Mountains of Ararat and Zafa. Every good Muslim wishes to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca once in his lifetime.

There are upwards of four hundred mosques in Cairo, all more or less on the plan of the Sacred Mosque of Mecca, but many of them are hastening to decay. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is constructed of the casing-stones of the great Pyramid and is well worth a visit. The Mosque of Sultan Tulum was said to be built more than a thousand years ago and has the oldest pointed arches in the world. The Mosque of El Azhar was turned into a university and has been much added to and altered. Mussulmans resort thither from all parts of the world for instruction in the law and religion of Islam. The teaching consists of learning by heart various old treatises on religion, jurisprudence, logic, rhetoric, poetry, etc. The student stays from three to five years and when he has qualified in every subject he receives a diploma. The number of students used to be between nine and ten thousand but has considerably de-

creased of recent years. In the Mosque is a fine collection of Korans which are shown to visitors.

Early one morning I sallied forth into the bright sunshine to take the electric tram to the Mena House, crossing the great Kasr-en-Nil bridge *en route*. The drive along the eight miles which separates the Pyramids from Cairo leads through an avenue of *lebbek* (accacia) trees, skirting the Nile. On arriving at the Mena House I alighted and surveyed with some apprehension the dromedary which my dragoman invited me to mount. However, I found the leisurely stride of my steed not at all uncomfortable. There are about seventy Pyramids around Memphis, but the most remarkable are the three at Giseh,—the tombs of Cheops (Khufu), Cephren (Khafrā) and Mycerinus (Menkara), all kings of the fourth dynasty. These mysterious tombs which excited the conjectures and baffled the scrutiny of ages, seem now to reveal by the "wand of hieroglyphical discovery" a world of curious information of a civilisation existing thousands of years ago. It seemed impossible that these massive creations could ever crumble away, when one thought of the centuries they had stood in defiance of Time's ravages. What architect of the present day would undertake to erect a building more than four hundred feet high, full of chambers of the most elaborate description which would never need repair for 6,000 years! It is not until you stand close beneath the Pyramids that you realise their magnitude and their grandeur. In looking up at the countless layers of masonry, imagination readily exaggerates the difficulty of its ascent, but travellers often climb the Great Pyramid and to the Arabs the feat is an easy one. A Bedouin scrambled up the long and steep incline to the top and made the descent within 15 minutes, for my edification and the recompense of a few coins.

The stone Sphinx of Giseh nestles beneath

the mighty, protecting arms of the Pyramids. In contemplating this marvel of the ancient world, one would almost think that this sculptured Sphinx with the enigmatical face and breast of a man and lion form, had strange thoughts in its huge granite brain, which holds the eternal mystery of the desert in its keeping. One would like to fathom what lies behind those impenetrable features, that look out quietly, calmly, and indifferently over the rolling leagues of the desert. This combination of man and beast was supposed to denote the union of intellect and power required in a king. It is carved out of the rock excavated for the purpose to a depth of 60ft. and the height of the figure from the crown of the head to paws is 70ft. The sands are constantly accumulating around it and have to be removed. All around the stillness of the desert speaks with its magical voice and one cannot but feel its charm.

My dragoman was very prompt in driving away persevering beggars whose insatiable desire for *backshish* leads them to dog the footsteps of tourists for the chance of a stray coin, on such occasions when silence no less than solitude is so desirable.

(To be continued).

C. E. S.

THE PERSONAL VISION

LET a man be concerned with his own vision; let him realise it in the silence and in intensity! For how shall he voice the glory of his vision, unless he has, first of all, perceived in a clear manner that which his vision observes, and unless he has realised its contents? Locked up behind the iron bars of the incommunicable, all vision is personal because the full contents observed and the intensity of feeling and vision experienced can never be completely expressed. The world of illumination is always entered into by one's self,—for this reason is the

personal vision forever exclusive, and for this reason each man must work out and does work out his own salvation.

No one can understand another ; no one can help another. Each being singly concerned with his own vision helps all thereby. The purpose that nature has with each soul is a full response to the pressure of truth and reality. In so far as each intensifies his own vision does he perform real labour, even though his hands are heretofore of power and even though he dwells in a cave. The growth of the perspective of vision alone affords joy to the soul, and of itself it affords joy. That is why, ultimately, knowledge and bliss are one.

Each thought, each word, each turning of desire is a weight in the balance that determines whether the soul chooses the light or the darkness, whether it chooses vision or blindness. The very object of life is that the soul may see beyond it. Many are the ways of seeing beyond, but they are all personal. Therefore are there as many paths for the attaining of the goal as there are individuals. But each person is alone in his vision and his personal business is—realisation. In so far as he realises does he spread the gospel of his vision. Greater than expression is the intensity of vision. Greater than the art of a thing is its heart. According to the intensity of realisation is the spreading of the gospel, though the lips of the prophet be sealed in the silence, or sealed in the bliss of his vision.

Only he lives who is possessed of vision. All others, though living, are dead to the reality of things. He who is possessed of no vision,—in him the soul is asleep. Life is real only in so far as the powers of vision are developed. To plunge his soul into the chaos of life and find reality and truth, that is the greatness and that is the opportunity of man. To quicken within itself the command over all things, this is the determination of the awakened soul. To be beyond all

necessities, that is its aim. To become greater within itself than all the greatness of that which is without, aye, even to engulf that greatness in the might of its spiritual realisation,—this is the sublime purpose of the soul. Only he who sees these possibilities has vision.

The very thought of these high purposes is itself the key to higher worlds of reality. A man who has no vision, though he be possessed of the earth and the higher spheres, still is he a beggar. The great poverty is upon him, the poverty to which the Christ referred when He said : "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" To open the doorways of vision one must climb upward through the mists of sense beyond their touch and reach the height upon which is indestructibly founded the temple of the soul. Then must he himself break asunder all bars and throw open with power those doorways of vision. And then must he enter in ; and there he finds worlds upon worlds of inner reality, but even here is no guide to lead him. He himself must find the way, even as he has to climb the long path past the mists of sense,—by himself. He must be for himself the way, the truth and the light. There is, indeed, a sense of joy and of power, in standing alone. How much more prized the victory gained through the personal effort ! The destiny that makes each stand alone in his own effort and in his own realisation only seems to be destiny. It is not destiny. It is opportunity. After much struggle the time comes when man knows that all worlds are as veils that may be rent and all difficulties as dreams that shall pass away with the coming on of higher and higher forms of truth. This is the joy and the tempest of vision when the soul senses its own power and has no longer any fears, when the soul sees its own life and turns from all lesser things to be concerned with the self of reality, which is the divine self of all things,

Each soul must perceive the self and that self is one. For this reason, again, is each man's vision his very own, for the forms of perceiving vary in relation to every person; for this reason, also, is each individual's vision incommunicable, and yet, for this very reason, is the vision of each soul interblended with the vision of all,—for there is but one goal for all even as there is but one self,—God.

HOW TO GAIN TRUE HAPPINESS

THIS world of ours is, to a searcher after real happiness, nothing but a scene of unceasing changes and tribulations. Nothing is there that is permanent and stable: but all is ever-dying and evanescent. From the lofty mountains that stand in their invulnerable heights to the tiny houses of clay that men build with their own hands to shelter themselves from the inclemencies of weather and terrors of nature, all are entirely subject to decadence and destruction. Men come and go in this world just as actors do on the stage, and all their actions are like the shifting scenes of a phantasmagoria. The objects which seem to engage men's attention most to-day, call forth their greatest disgust to-morrow. To the poor beggar the want of food is that which troubles him most, but the rich never care about that; the miseries of the rich are of a different kind, to which the poor are quite strangers. Can any single individual in the world, from the highest sovereign that holds in the palm of his hand the destiny of millions, to the penniless loafer in tatters that goes about in the streets to pick up a few crumbs of food with which to satisfy his hunger, tell us that he or she is perfectly happy? Oh, no; for the world is full of misery. In whatever direction we turn our thoughts, we find decay, ruin, misery and vanity.

But in the midst of all the turmoils of the world and failures of our hopes there is a craving in each man's heart to obtain real happiness. So he clings with avidity to the things of the senses, thinking that they would give him the wished-for happiness. No doubt, at first the cup of happiness seems to be full to the brim and well within

his reach; and he longs to enjoy it. But the moment he brings it to his lips it slips off, and breaks into pieces with all his hopes; and when he meets with such an intolerable disappointment, his blood turns into water, his heart sinks and he gasps for a breath of life and he asks himself "What a tantalus-life we mortals lead! Why do I fail to secure real happiness? Is there nothing in this world below, or in the heavens above, that can evade decay and dissolution?" No, he finds no ray of cheer and his spirit is weighed down under the load of sorrow, dejection and despair. The whole horizon seems to be nothing but an impenetrable sheet of misery! Then, when the darkness is the deepest and the yearning the most intense, a voice comes from within the heart of his heart, and tells him—"How can you, O man, get eternal happiness through these fleeting objects of the senses. The mirage of desire is prompting you to run after vain shadows, which are but reflections of the Reality. Go beyond to seek that which is Bliss absolute." Then and then alone man attempts to probe deep into the mystery and find out whether there is anything real that does not die—gaining which all death is set at naught. Blessed indeed is the man who directs his soul towards such an enquiry.

Though most men seem to live in oblivion and do not care to bestow one moment's thought to destroy the root of all miseries and solve the problem of life yet there are some—the gems of humanity—who feel the burden of the world and are tormented with a thousand and one miseries born of nature. And it is they who devote themselves to the solution of the vital problems which confront the spirit and arrive at definite conclusions, who benefit humanity. Such were the Sages of ancient India, who flinging away all the happiness which the world could give, lived in deep forests and in mountain caves, where they thought out the most sublime thoughts and vouchsafed them to the deserving and aspiring souls for their benefit. They have declared: "Within each soul is the germinal seed of true unfoldment. That is the stamp of divine heredity—the promise of eternal growth. Within the hidden recesses of each nature are precious jewels of priceless value—the unmentionable wealth—the limitless

potencies of spiritual attainment. Throughout the infinite diversity runs the infinite force of divine unity. What one becomes, all may become in the grand ultimate."

To extirpate all miseries, to exterminate all troubles, to acquire eternal happiness—as Gautama had once done,—self-abnegation, self-effacement, a strong will and a complete renunciation of the world are the things most needful to have. Many are the steps leading to the temple of happiness. Rugged is the way and patient must be the one who climbs. Steady and strong, and full of courage must be the Seekers after light and knowledge, for, such men alone shall wear the crown of sure success.

B. V. Chandrasegaram.

GLIMPSES

If thou thinkest evil, be thou sure
Thy acts will bear the shadow of the stains,
And if thy thought be perfect, then thy deed
Will be as of the perfect, true and pure.

—Confucius.

If you live according to nature, you never will
be poor; if according to the world's caprice, you
will never be rich.—Seneca.

Root out love of self, speak not harshly to any
one, be strong and resolute as iron, with firm but
loving heart.—Buddha.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantation that he may rise, but shines at once and is greeted by all; so, neither wait thou for applause, and shouts and eulogies, that thou may'st do well; but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.

—Epictetus.

The human heart is like a millstone in a mill.
When you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds
and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no

wheat, it still grinds on—and grinds itself away.

—Luther.

God will not seek thy race,
Nor will He ask thy birth;
Alone He will demand of thee,
What hast thou done on earth!

—From the Persian.

I offer praise to Him who is most bounteous,
great, most affluent, of true prowess and might
(incarnate), Him, whose all-pervading and ceaseless course of bounty is, like the course of waters on a slope, ever free (to flow).—Rigveda.

ANCIENT HINDU PREDOMINANCE

THE ignorance and doubt entertained by the European nations about the ancient greatness of the Hindus, and of their pre-eminent position as the inspirers and leaders of the ethical and spiritual evolution of humanity, are being dispelled by the labours of many Western Oriental Scholars in the field of archaeology, philology and the study of comparative religions.

That mankind in every continent of the globe received their first spiritual enlightenment from the Sages of India and that Hindu civilisation penetrated in very ancient times into every known region of the world, is becoming more and more manifest with the advance of modern archaeological investigations. Ancient Egypt is said to have been civilised by the Hindu pioneers, and the line of "Shepherd kings" who ruled in that land before the Pharaohs has been identified with the clan of Yadhavas who held political supremacy in a part of India during the Mahabharata period. That the Chaldean, Babylonian, the ancient Grecian and Roman civilisations too, owed much to early Hindu influence has been admitted by competent investigators. The ancient civilisation of China also can undoubtedly be traced to the same source. In the American continent, Mexico and Peru had long been known to have been influenced by Hindu civilisation and the state of the country described in Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, as having prevailed at the time when Cortez and his Spanish followers destroyed the independence of the country by barbarous acts of wanton spoliation, resemble in many points the state of a Hindu

As with the expiry of January, 1913, will end the semicentennial year of Swamiji's birth, we beg to remind those who wish to donate the one-fiftieth part of their whole earnings during the year, in response to our appeal for funds to complete the Vivekananda Memorial Building at the Belur Math, to send in their donations, however small, to the Editor of this paper at an early date. These will be duly acknowledged in the next no. of P. B.

kingdom during the Pauranic period. Images of the Hindu God Ganesha and other Hindu images have been unearthed among the ruins of Mexico and Peru, and these have confirmed beyond the possibility of a doubt the assumption of Hindu influence in America centuries before Columbus discovered that continent to Europe.

The September number of the "Indian Review" contains a lengthy article under the title "Did the Hindus discover America?" by the Hon. Alex. Del Mar, which contains many proofs of the prevalence of Hindu influence in ancient times still further north in the American continent. A curious tablet dug in November 1841 from an ancient mound in Cincinnati, Ohio, has lately been recognised as a Calendar Stone which furnishes a data to fix the approximate date of those stupendous mounds which have been found scattered throughout the valley of the Mississippi and also a reliable clue as to the religion of the mound-builders. The writer says that those ancient mound-builders came from Mongolia to America, some time during the 13th century B. C. bringing with them the Shaman religion or worship of the sun. The writer refutes the theory of Mr. Fergusson given in his "History of Architecture" that these mound-builders were Turanians, and at last comes to the conclusion that "Whether the mound-builders were Turinians or not, their arts and religious ideas were evidently brought from Hindustan."

An important discovery made in these Mounds of North America, which unmistakably points to the prevalence of Hindu influence in those regions at a very remote period, is the fact that "several images of Buddha or Krishna (whichever they are) have been found in the American Mounds." "The slim waist, crossed legs, long feet, breadth of toes, the dots and circles shewn all over the body, the triple lines of garters or anklets etc., are very different from the costume of any North American and indicate a Hindu origin. The girdle about the waist, the girdle below the waist, the triangular dress covering the lower part of the body and, above all, the Swastika of the same material found with the statue afford strong evidence of Hindu communication and influence." This relic was dug in 1882 from the Big Toco Mound in Monroe country, Tennessee, by Mr. Emmert of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology.—From *The Hindu Organ*.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

THE prehistoric clay figures of bisons were discovered recently in a cave at Montesquieu. They are supposed to be 20,000 years old.

A Hindu Sabha was recently inaugurated in London, by a reception held on the occasion of the celebration of the Dipavali Festival. An Indian gentleman, Jessaraj Singh Sessodia is the Chairman of the Sabha, which is designed to foster brotherly relations among the Hindus in London, to assist them in times of distress, and to organise the celebration of the Hindu festivals. Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy said at the reception that England greatly needed the dissemination of Oriental ideas. He urged that the head-quarters of the Sabha should be made a centre, where interested Westerners could be instructed in the psychology and basic ideas of the Orientals, particularly those regarding Hindu culture.

On December 31, Mr. Montague, Under-Secretary of State for India, accompanied by Mr. Gourlay, visited the Presidency College of Calcutta. He spent considerable time at the Physical Laboratory where he followed with great interest the demonstration of some of Professor J. C. Bose's recent discoveries. He was not only much impressed by the experiments, but also by the great accuracy and extraordinarily high sensitiveness of the instruments invented by Professor Bose. He was greatly surprised when he heard that these very delicate instruments were all constructed in India by Professor Bose's Indian mechanics, under his instructions. He expressed a desire to personally congratulate them on the perfection of their handicraft. Addressing them he said that works like these were the highest expression of the true Swadeshi spirit. Before leaving, he complimented Professor Bose's scholars and assistants in being engaged in work of such importance for the advancement of knowledge.

SIR Berkeley Moynihan, of Leeds, in opening a tuberculosis exhibition in Huddersfield Town Hall, said that if they put a number of tubercle bacilli in battle array, it would require 16,000, as closely packed as they could get them before they covered the space of one inch. What the germ lacked in

size, however, he made up in productive capacity, for if they were to start at noon that day, one organism by next morning would have produced so many children that there would be one for every human being on the face of the globe. Of the 3,000,000,000 tubercle bacilli that would then exist, each one was capable of bringing into the world as large a family. This little enemy lurked in all the dark places of the earth, and accounted for the life of one person in every street in every civilised country. He claimed 60,000 victims every year.

— — —

Tolstoy's maxims on hygiene which brought him to hale old age are distributed throughout the Russian Empire. They may be summarised as follows :—

1. Fresh air, day and night.
2. Daily exercise.
3. Moderation in eating and drinking.
4. One hot bath weekly and a cold one daily.
5. Comfortable and not over-heavy clothing.
6. A dry, spacious and sunny dwelling.
7. Scrupulous cleanliness.
8. Regular and intensive work which acts as a preventive against ills of body and mind.
9. Rest after labour must not be sought in distractions, night was intended for sleep.
10. The chief condition for good health is a life fruitful in labour ennobled by good actions.

In the regular meeting of the Ramakrishna Mission Boy's Society, Madanapalli, recently held, Mr. Subramaniam Iyer, the new President of the Society, delivered a very instructive speech succinctly explaining the teachings of the Swami Vivekananda. After pointing out how they aimed at man-making by bringing out to perfection the latent divine faculties in man, he spoke at length on the fourfold paths of Yoga for attaining that supreme goal. The man who through any of these four means, he said, sees the Divinity within him and others, becomes a Jivanmukta. He finally exhorted the members to have before them the ideal of service preached by the Swami, and to rise above those social differences which have now taken the place of religious ideas, and combine themselves for the study and practice of 'the great Swamiji's teachings for their self-improvement.

PROFESSOR William Stirling says thus about the inner organism of the body at the opening of the physiology lectures at Manchester University :—

"The air cells may amount to 300,000,000, giving a superficial area exposed to the air and the blood film in the inmost recesses of the lungs equal to 200 square yards, through which the exchanges of the gasses of the air and those in the blood take place.

"Each human kidney, contains roughly, 450,000 microscopic filters, making 900,000 in all, and a corresponding number of primary drainage tubes.

"In connection with this filtering apparatus, in man there are at least 4,500,000 microscopic vessels inside the filtering apparatus, and these in their turn give rise to 11,250,000 intra-glomerular capillary vessels through which the filtration of water takes place.

"A more formidable problem confronts us in the study of the liver, the largest gland in the body, weighing about 4 lbs. on an average. It is an immense aggregation of cells, arranged in lobules each lobule being about a millimetre in diameter, so that there are over 1,100,000 similar chemical factories united in one great chemical and metabolic factory, all enclosed within one common capsule. The number of cells in the liver amounts to 350,000,000 supplied by 100,000,000,000, tubular blood vessels, while the capillaries in the bile drainage system number 700,000,000,000.

"The internal combustion principle is an approach to what obtains in the animal body. The muscles are the motor apparatus. In the motor apparatus itself is generated the energy for the production of heat and movement. The blood stream supplies both the material, fuel, and the energy, and into it are discharged the waste products and the superfluous energy which is used to heat other parts of the organism.

"Moreover, Nature's reserves in the individual are extraordinary. Apparently without the slightest effort, she can meet the demands made on her. She can double the number of beats of the heart, accelerate the respirations, and increase the supply of the digestive juices to meet the demands that are made—often quite unexpectedly. 'Ready, aye, ready!' is Nature's motto."

Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वराभिबोधत ।

Katha Upa. I. iii, 4

Arise! Awake! and stop not till the goal is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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SAYINGS OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA—IX

When by reasoning the Truth is comprehended by the intellect, then it is realised in the heart, the fountainhead of feeling. Thus the head and the heart become illumined at the same moment, and then only as says the Upanishad, "The knot of the heart is rent asunder, and all doubts cease."

When in ancient times, this Knowledge (*Jñāna*) and this feeling (*Bhāva*) thus blossomed forth simultaneously in the heart of the Rishi, then the Highest Truth became poetic, and then the Vedas and other Scriptures were composed. It is for this reason, that one finds, in studying them, that the two parallel lines of *Bhāva* and *Jñāna* have at last met as it were in the plane of the Vedas and become combined and inseparable.

The Scriptures of different religions point out different means to attain the ideals of universal love, freedom, manliness and Selfless benevolence. Every religious sect is generally at variance as to its idea of what is virtue and what is vice, and fights with others over the means of attaining virtue and eschewing vice instead of aiming to realise

the end. Every means is helpful more or less; and as the Gita says, "Every undertaking is enveloped by defects as fire by smoke," so the means will no doubt appear more or less defective. But as we are to attain the highest virtue through the means laid down in our respective Scriptures we should try our best to follow them. Moreover, they should be tempered with reason and discrimination. Thus, as we progress the riddle of virtue and vice will be solved by itself.

How many in our country truly understand the Shastras nowadays? They have only learnt such words, as Brahman, Maya, Prakriti and so on, and confuse their heads with them. Setting aside the real meaning and purpose of the Shastras, they fight over the words only. If the Shastras cannot help all men in all conditions at all times, of what use, then are such Shastras? If the Shastras show the way to the Sannyasins only and not to the householders, then what need has a householder for such one-sided Shastras? If the Shastras can only help men when they give up all work and retire into the forests, and cannot show the Way by lighting the lamp

of hope, in the hearts of the men of the every-day world in the midst of their daily toil, disease, misery and poverty, in the despondency of the penitent, in the self-reproach of the down-trodden, in the terror of the battle-field, in lust, anger and pleasure, in the joy of victory, in the darkness of defeat, and finally, in the dreaded night of death,—then, weak humanity has no need of such Shastras, and such Shastras will be no Shastras at all !

Through *Bhoga* (enjoyment) *Yoga* will come in time. But, alas, such is the lot of my countrymen that, what to speak of possessing *Yoga* they cannot even have a little *Bhoga* ! Suffering all sorts of indignities they can with the utmost difficulty only meet the barest needs of the body—and even that everyone cannot do ! It is strange that such a state of affairs does not disturb our sleep and rouse us to our immediate duties.

Agitate ever so much for your rights and privileges, but remember that so long as we do not truly elevate ourselves by rousing intensely the feeling of self-respect in the nation, so long our hope of gaining rights and privileges is like the day-dream of Alnaskar.

When a genius or a man with some special great power takes birth, all the best and creative qualities and faculties of his whole heredity are drawn towards the making up of his personality, and squeezed dry as it were. It is for this reason that we find that all those who are subsequently born in such a family are either idiots or worthless, or men

of very ordinary calibre, and that in time, such a family in many cases becomes extinct.

If you cannot attain salvation in this life, what proof is there, that you can attain it in the life or lives to come ?

While visiting the Taj at Agra he remarked :—"If you squeeze a bit of these marbles, it will drip drops of Royal Love and its Sorrow." Further he observed, "It takes really six months to study a square inch of its interior works of beauty."

When the real history of India will be unearthed, it will be proved that, as in matters of religion so in fine arts India is the primal Guru of the whole world.

Speaking of Architecture he said :—"People say Calcutta is a city of palaces, but the houses look much like so many boxes placed one upon the other ! They convey no idea whatever. In Rajputana you can still find much pure Hindu architecture. If you look at a Dharmasala, you will feel as if it calls you with open arms to take shelter within, and partake of its unqualified hospitality. If you look at a temple, you are sure to find a Divine Presence in and about it. If you look about a rural cottage, you will at once be able to comprehend the special meanings of its different portions, and that the whole structure bears evidence to the predominant nature and ideal of the owner thereof. This sort of expressive architecture I have seen nowhere else except in Italy.

OCCASIONAL NOTES

IT is the duty of Indian parents to acquaint their children with the culture and the history of their forefathers. Else how shall the national consciousness be preserved or intensified ! It is not only in universities that

one can read the glories of the past ; they can be told even in the homes so that a child may understand. How many are the epics and the tales of Indian folklore ! How many the side-visions of character and heroism in

the Ramayana and the Mahabharata! How many the stories of great queens and powerful kings with which the Indian historic experience is replete! Begin from this day to instruct the children in a knowledge of their historic heritage, for the citizens and the Indians of the future are the children of to-day. Coming home from his daily occupation, let the father gather the children together, and in the evening stillness let him tell them of the deeds and thoughts of their great ancestors. It is to be borne in mind that the greater part of education should be imparted in the family circle!

But it is not only the small children that are to be educated. Let the father, returning from the marts of civic life, gather about him the grown-up sons and daughters, telling them of the culture of the race and of the problems of the India of to-day. Let father and son exchange confidences concerning the leading movements of the day. Let them both conjointly sound the character of the Modern Transition in India. Upon the wisdom of the elders and the enthusiasm of the young men depends the character of our Indian Future.

Without a doubt the inspiration that dwells embodied in the language of the Bhagavad-Gita represents the accumulated treasures of ages of spiritual effort in the direction of insight. The Mahabharata is largely permeated, as all epics are, with Pouranic or imaginative elements, but the chapters that make up the Bhagavad-Gita are the essence of pure VEDA or Truth. The Gita is the testimony of the spiritual experience. Throughout its embodiment one finds the spirit of man and the soul of innumerable ages. The language itself is the language of insight, the powerful language of those who have *seen*. Throughout is felt the mighty note of that victory which is the discovery of the Eternal even within the rush and flow of time.

Throughout is felt an impassioned optimism, positive in its denial of that which *seems* real and its assertion of that which *is* real. There is no trace in the Gita of that weakness or that ignorance the junction of which makes up the pessimism of life,—for pessimism is always weak, and it is the ignorant who are pessimists. The courage of the other heroes on the battlefield of Kurukshetra, which was the scene of the Gospel of the Blessed One, was but a wavelet on the surface as compared with the oceanic depth of that fearless insight which made Arjuna, at Sri Krishna's bidding, see the formless Reality, beyond all embodiment and beyond all distinction, and which made him mindful of the idea that there was neither birth nor death in the Eternal.

He is not a true Hindu who, though having been born within the folds of the Sanatana Dharma, has not acquainted himself with the spirit of the Bhagavad-Gita. He is a Hindu in name only, for the Bhagavad-Gita is the Indian experience in epitome. In it one finds the whole contents of Hinduism defined in the term of Swadharma. Verily, in the Bhagavad-Gita one finds the message of the Most High to the sons of men.

We find ourselves surrounded by all manner of difficulties. Life itself is a struggle. But this is no reason to be despondent. Though a struggle, life is also an opportunity, and the purpose of the true man is to become the master in this struggle. Struggle and hardship are welcomed by the wise. They recognise that it is these that draw out the latent powers of character, and character is the aim of existence. And is it not a satisfaction to know that one is master? From pain and effort all things come that have true and intrinsic worth. Aye, there is nothing so sublime as the will to conquer and to be the master of one's fate, the captain of one's soul.

There are sermons everywhere. The evening quiet, sunrise or sunset, mountain or stream, rain or shine, may each alike spell sermons to the eye or ear. Natural glories may lead to the vision of spiritual glories. And truly has it been said, "In the presence of the wonders of Nature one indeed draws close to the Spirit of things."

Knowledge is an effort at remembering the Infinite Omniscience within us.

In the setting of the modern perspective, amongst many others, two figures are most prominent. These are Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna and Srimat Swami Vivekananda. And this statement is borne out by the message that they have given to the modern world. "Let those who run, read," as says the proverb.

Sri Ramakrishna was a man who spoke plainly and simply at all times. His sayings need no commentaries. His was the highest

truth and that was why his language was the simplest. The highest truth is never complex. Sri Ramakrishna was not a philosopher. That is why he never speculated; he never theorised. He was a man of realisation; he *knew*. The most common object, such as a cocoanut or a fly, he would utilise in the explanation of his doctrines. Any of his sayings reveal this. Sri Ramakrishna spoke simply. His was the language of vision, the language of reality.

Sri Ramakrishna brought the struggle for Mukti on quite an objective plane. He diverted the idea of Maya from its metaphysical environment. He said that Maya is "lust and gold." That takes away the purely metaphysical element and makes character the test of vision. No man whose life is solely immersed in the senses, who lives from one sensation to another can attain the goal. Intellect has little to do with spirituality. Character is everything, and the ultimate aim of character is complete renunciation. It embodies the ideals of selflessness and sincerity which are the only path to realisation,

CONCENTRATION

Unpublished Notes of Class Talks by the Swami Vivekananda

CONCENTRATION is the essence of all knowledge; nothing can be done without it. Ninety per cent. of thought force is wasted by the ordinary human being and therefore he is constantly committing blunders; the trained man or mind never makes a mistake. When the mind is concentrated and turned backward on itself, all within us will be our servants, not our masters. The Greeks applied their concentration to the external world and the result was perfection in art, literature, etc. The Hindu concen-

trated on the internal world, upon the unseen realms in the self, and developed the science of Yoga. Yoga is controlling the senses, will and mind. The benefit of its study is that we learn to control instead of being controlled. Mind seems to be layer on layer. Our real goal is to cross all these intervening strata of our being and find God. The end and aim of Yoga is to realise God. To do this we must go beyond relative knowledge, go beyond the sense world. The world is awake to the senses, the children of the Lord are asleep

on that plane. The world is asleep to the Eternal, the children of the Lord are awake in that realm. These are the sons of God. There is but one way to control the senses,—to see Him who is the Reality in the universe. Then and only then can we really conquer our senses.

Concentration is restraining the mind into smaller and smaller limits. There are eight processes for thus restraining the mind. The first is *Yama*, controlling the mind by avoiding externals. All Morality is included in this. Beget no evil. Injure no living creature. If you injure nothing for twelve years, then even lions and tigers will go down before you. Practise truthfulness. Twelve years of absolute truthfulness in thought, word and deed gives a man what he will. Be chaste in thought, word and action. Chastity is the basis of all religion. Personal purity is imperative. Next is *Niyama*, not allowing the mind to wander in any direction. Then *Asana*, posture. There are eighty-four postures: but the best is that most natural to each one; that is, which can be kept longest with greatest ease. After this comes *Pranayama*, restraint of breath. Then *Pratyahara*, drawing in of the organs from their objects. Then *Dharana*, concentration. Then *Dhyana*, contemplation or meditation. (This is the kernel of the Yoga system.) And last, *Samadhi*, superconsciousness. The purer the body and mind the quicker the desired result will be obtained. You must be perfectly pure. Do not think of evil things, such thoughts will surely drag you down. If you are perfectly pure and practise faithfully, your mind can finally be made a searchlight of infinite power. There is no limit to its scope. But there must be constant practice and non-attachment to the world. When a man reaches the superconscious state, all feeling of body melts away. Then alone does he become free and immortal. To all external appearances un-

consciousness and superconsciousness are the same, but they differ as a lump of clay from a lump of gold. The one whose whole soul is given up to God has reached the superconscious plane.

—From *The Message of the East*, Boston, Nov. '12.

THE HIMALAYAS

Ever do these Himalayan heights loom vast
Like Titan-deities above the plains,
Ever do their vari-coloured shades
Befit the gods Whose forms they thus adorn.
Ever do their Masses All-Tremendous
Seem Visions vast of that Beyond all dreams.
For these are the highest worldly heights;
Nothing soars above their crests imperial,—
Nothing but the Infinite Expanse.
These are the lordly pillars of the earth,
Towering superior to all human sight.
His eye can scan those great plateaus
That seem cathedral spires from below.
But, there the gods hold concourse
Easily surveying all the earth.
There they dwell invisible to all,
Save those who know and seek the Truth,
Renouncing all to climb the steep ascents
That lead to those Olympian abodes.
Hail ye Himalayan Gods
From your snow-capped haunts!
Ye see the speeding, radiating stars
And ye commune with Them concerning
Cosmic Life and Cosmic Destinies!
Hail ye Gods! Great Shiva is your chief!
Ye lend your Marble Whiteness to His Form,
So that It captivates the heart and mind
Of him who longs to see That Shining Face,
And enter within the Cosmic Soul of Him
Who dwells All-Pure and Free
In the Sacred House on Kailas-Peak.

A Western Pilgrim.

Mayavati, May 7, 1911.

THE PROPHET

THE prophet was one in whom nature had manifested all her buoyancy. His youth was that of a poet. It was that of all things that are young and glad in youth, but too bounteous had been Nature's bequest. The excessive strength of life is ever its weakness; and too great pleasure turns surely into pain. Disillusion comes. Such was the experience of the prophet. So at an early age he rent the garments that covered his beauty and placed ashes and sackcloth on his person so that its beauty was forlorn amid this token of death.

He shaved his wealth of hair and his countenance became as one who had met with death. He took off his jewelled sandals,—for he was a king's son,—and went with naked feet from out the palace into the highways. He gave up all his treasures and forsook all that which appeals to the life of the senses.

With shorn head, with bare feet, clad in ashes he forsook life and courted death; and because others saw not with him the Great Vision beyond life he broke forth into solemn lamentations execrating everything that turned the mind of man from God.

And the message was as follows, and it was shouted as the prophet wandered along the highway:

"Everything in the world is a myth. Everything is false. Even the sun is darkness and all the stars dead things. I have found the truth. And there is no room in the truth for life.

"I have learned that the body is a myth; and I have learned that the Adorable is never incorporated. I have learned that death is a myth and that the Great Death of all form and thought is the Salvation of the world and of man.

"I press to my Self all that the world loathes, for the world, I discover, loathes truth. It loves the frames of bodies and is satisfied with the husks of swine. I have gone beyond the body and beyond its changes and have attained Nirvana.

"I know that Nature is a passing show, for there was a time when the worlds were not. And I know there will be a time when the worlds will again not be. I mock all forms, knowing that they have been degraded into idols and no longer stand as symbols of the Truth.

"I am a monk; and as a monk I execrate the things which the world adores, for the world is Mammon and the Truth is God. All hail to Truth!

"I know that there is no freedom in this net of bondage. This do I know. I am glad because of the death of life and glad because of the Ever-Free behind the appearance. O death to all appearance and salutation to the Dawn of Truth! I know that pain is in the heart of pleasure and thus knowing I am free from the deceptions of Desire. I know what the world is and I have given up its show. I shall chant the Name of the Soul behind the world to whom the world is a dead thing, yea, a corpse. I am a monk and I preach the monk's message, blown about as I may be by the winds of truth. I am thus the Prophet of the Truth being free from the World, and I call on my brother-men to wake up and see the glorious Sunrise of the Truth when the World shall have passed into Naught."

Om Mani Padme Hum!

Nirvanananda Bhikshu,

THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE : ITS HISTORIC IMPORTANCE

ENTERING into a survey of the mystical consciousness as it has been manifested throughout the history of mankind, we find that the religious experience has been an essential phenomenon in human progress and affairs. Religious ideas have ruled the world and have caused the rise and fall of tides upon tides of emotion. History reveals the coming and going of many empires according to the origin or modification of the religious outlook. India is one continuous evidence, the Asokan Empire being one of its highest testimonials to the import of religious culture. Mohammedanism and Christianity loom up respectively against the historic background of the empires of the Caliph Omar and Constantine the Great. The great "heresy" of Arianism in the making of early Christianity and the "Protestant Reformation" in a latter period of Christian civilisation attest to the unimaginably powerful influence of religious ideas upon human affairs. And all these and many other historic movements, too numerous to be mentioned, in connection with the development of religious belief, are unimpeachable witnesses to the significant place religion holds amongst the moulding influences on human destiny and events. Even to-day there are movements where noteworthy religious import attest to the profound influence of the spiritual impulse and vision upon mankind.

From an historic view-point, then, religion has been continuously demonstrating its practicability and essentially valuable contribution to human experience. For religion, be it well remembered, is *not only* theology : it is a tidal-wave-impulse, entering into each and every function of human faculty as the latter expresses itself in the drama of human events and in the theatre of human life. For

art and song and literature and philosophy are inseparably associated with the religious vision ; and in the vanguard or in the wake, as the case may be, of conquest and commerce, and in the intellectual and moral exchange of ideals between the nations of the earth, one finds that religion, both as an intellectual and social-moral power, is ubiquitously evident. To the student of comparative theology or the student of philology the influence of one religious system upon another is peculiarly patent. He sees Hinduism as the mother of Buddhism, and Buddhism, in turn, through the Alexandrian philosophical schools, as the mother of Christianity. He notices the assimilating properties of Christianity in its appropriation of many of the rites and symbols of Egyptian, Assyrian and Judaic and Roman religious idealism. And he becomes aware, also, of the social aspects of religion, both in the Orient and the Occident, in determining historic happenings and in introducing new modes of manners and mannerisms amongst the various empires of the world. One need only refer to the structures of Egyptian, Roman and Hindu society in this connection ; in this connection one need mention only the Mohammedan conquests of the Eastern Empire of the Romans and the doubtful conquests of the Christian crusades, when, in both instances, Europe and Asia met and intermingled in all conceivable forms of human contact. So many geographical discoveries and colonising enterprises are inseparably blended with the religious temperament. The discovery of the Western world and the many minute discoveries upon the American continent, the settlement of Java and Ceylon and Siam by Buddhist devotees were all carried out under religious patronage.

One thus comprehends the worthiness and the workableness of the religious life. One thus sees that behind the higher forms of human endeavour, from the most ancient to the most modern times, there has been a great visualising and motive power, acting, directly or indirectly, as the religious spirit. The great temple at Madura and the Vatican at Rome, the temples of ancient Greece and of the ancient Oriental nations, as well as the mediæval and modern cathedrals of Europe, the statue of Buddha and the far-famed masterpieces of Ajanta in India and of Raphael and Michael Angelo in Europe, the stained glass windows of European cathedrals and the exquisite carvings on Indian and Assyrian temples, the masses of Mozart and the Indian *Jātrās*, the Justinian code and the Edicts of Asoka, the missionary enterprises of the world-wandering Buddhist monks and of other great missionaries, carrying their culture with them, whithersoever they went,—all these are direct tributes to humanity of the religious experience. In this new synthesis the great religious masters must be regarded, verily as the patrons and the saviours of humanity, ini-

tiating as they do a new spirit which, though in one sense, perhaps exclusively religious, nevertheless vitalises and renders dynamic and multiplies in various ways the higher aspirations of man.

Religion, in its broadest sense, is righteousness, that which in India is spoken of as Dharma. It is that which increases the vision of humanity and renders permanent, through the moral demands that it makes, the best elements in all human experience. It is the single impulse of the Spirit working itself manifoldly accordingly as it is appropriated by the variously-minded of the leaders of men. This explains why behind the thrones of Asoka and of Omar and of Constantine, loom higher than the thrones themselves the Master-figures of the Buddha and the Prophet and the Christ; this explains, also, how behind the noble activities associated with the decline of worn-out-by-luxury empires and the rise and growth of spirited nations—always—in the sublime distance, untarnished by the details of events, stand the souls of those who have known the Beatific Vision.



IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

XV

When all was silence, in the deeps of meditation the Gurn, appearing, said,—

“My son, meditate on the Power which is the Mother's form, and then transcending all the fear the Power inspires thou shalt go beyond the Power into the Mother's Spirit—which is Peace. Tremble not at the uncertainties of life. Though all the forms of the Terrible appear, multiplying themselves a thousandfold, remember, these can only affect the physical and not the spiritual self.

“Be steadfast and firm at all time, being fully aware that the spirit is indestructible.

Take thy stand on that which is the Self. Believe in nothing but that Reality which is innate alike in all. Then shalt thou remain undisturbed alike in the tempest or the seduction of appearances. That which comes and that which goes is not the Self. Identify thyself with the Self, not with the form. Impermanency predominates in the realm of things, in the objective world; permanency endures alone in that realm of eternal subjectivity wherein reigns the consciousness of the Spirit, free from the forms of thought and sense.

“That which is the True is immeasurable, like the great ocean; nothing can bind or

circumscribe it whatsoever. The predicates of existence do not apply to that shoreless ocean of divinity which rushes in upon the Self—as the Self—on the summits of Realisation.

“The misery of the world is in direct ratio to desire. Have, therefore, no blind attachment. Bind thyself to nothing. Aspire to be; do not desire to possess. Shall any possession satisfy thy True Nature! Art thou to be bound down by THINGS! Naked thou comest into the world; naked thou goest forth when the summons comes! Wherein then shalt thou have false pride? Let thy possessions be those treasures that perish not. The increase of Insight is its own reward. The more thou dost perfect thy nature, the more readily dost thou acquire eternal possessions by which thou shalt, in time, purchase the Kingdom of the Self.

“Therefore, from this moment, go and grow inwards,—not outwards. Invert the order of experience. Retreat from the sensuous life, as lived for its own sake. Spiritualise everything. Make the body a tabernacle for the soul; and let the soul be more and more revealed, day by day. Then shalt that darkness, which is ignorance, be gradually dispersed; and that light, which is the Divine Wisdom, shall gradually be revealed. All the forces in the universe are behind thee, working in harmony for thy progress—if thou wilt but *face* Truth. As said the Lord Buddha, ‘The Tathagatas are only great preachers. You yourselves must make an effort.’ Aye, the Teachers can only impart wisdom; the pupil **MUST** assimilate, and thus assimilation is the making of character; it is making wisdom one’s own. By himself is one saved, by none other.

“Therefore, arise. Be diligent, and stop not till the goal is reached. That is the Command of the Upanishads!

“Even as a wild animal seeks for its prey,

even as the slave of passion seeks for the gratification of his lust, even as a man dying from hunger desires food, even as the man who is being drowned calls for rescue—with that same intensity and strength of spirit do thou seek for Truth. Even as a lion, not trembling at noises, even as a lion, fearless and free—so do thou roam about in this world, bent on the acquisition of Truth. For, infinite strength is needed and infinite fearlessness. Go thou forth, knowing that all limitations shall burst asunder for thee, that for thee all crooked roads shall be made straight—if thou dost gather together the forces of thy soul and if thou dost boldly tear off the MASK.

“Dost thou search for God? Then know—that when thou hast seen the Self, the Self shall be revealed to thee as God.”

“Om Tat Sat!”

And the Gurn’s Voice entered the Silence which is Peace,—his Form that Radiance which is God!

HAPPINESS

In quiet nooks where violets bend their heads,

And pour sweet fragrance through the tufts of grass,
Where daisies peep from out their mossy beds,

And blush with joy to see the sunbeams pass—
Away from all the world’s unnatural stress—

There’s Happiness.

Where lowly spirits all contented dwell,

And cultivate an atmosphere of love,
And scandal scorn, and lawless passions quell,

And with thanksgiving worship God above —
Where’er men live to love, and love to bless—

There’s Happiness.

—Olive Linnell.

EPISTLES OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

IX

C/o K. T. Sturdy Esqr.
Highview, Caversham
Reading, London,
5th August, 1896.

Dear Sahji—

Many thanks for your kind greetings. I have an inquiry to make; if you kindly forward me the information I seek I would be much obliged.

I want to start a Math in Almora or near Almora rather. I have heard that there was a certain Mr. Ramsay who lived in a Bungalow near Almora and that he had a garden round his Bungalow. Can't it be bought? What is the price? If not to be bought can it be rented?

Do you know of any suitable place near Almora where I can build my monastery with garden &c? I would rather like to have a hill all to myself.

Hoping to get an early reply, I remain with blessings and love to you and all the rest of our friends in Almora.

Vivekananda.

X

39 Victoria Street, S. W.
London,
21st, Nov. '96.

Dear Lalaji—

I reach Madras about the 7th of January; after a few days in the plains I intend to come up to Almora.

I have three English friends with me. Two of them, Mr. and Mrs. Sevier are going to settle in Almora. They are my disciples you know, and they are going to build the Math for me in the Himalayas. It was for that reason I asked you to look for some suitable

site. We want a whole hill, with a view of the snow range all to ourselves. It would of course take time to fix on the site and complete the building. In the meanwhile will you kindly engage a small Bungalow for my friends. The bungalow ought to accommodate three persons. I do not require a large one. A small one would do for the present. My friends will live in this Bungalow in Almora and then go about looking for a site and building.

You need not reply to this letter, as before your reply will reach me I shall be on my way to India. I will wire to you from Madras as soon as I reach there.

With love and blessings to you all.

7/7/96

Yours,

Vivekananda.

XI

C/o Lala Hansraj,
Rawalpindi,
Oct. 1897.

Dear M.

C'est bon mon ami—now you are doing just the thing. Come out, man! No sleeping all life; time is flying. Bravo! That is the way.

Many thanks for your publication—only I am afraid it will not pay its way in a pamphlet form. * * Never mind pay or no pay—let it see the blaze of day-light. You will have many blessings on you and many more curses—but that is always the way of the world!

This is the time.

Yours in the Lord,

Vivekananda.

XII

Written to a Mahomedan gentleman at Naini Tal.

Almora, 1898.

* * Whether we call it Vedantism or any *ism*, the truth is that Advaitism is the last word of religion and thought and the only position from which one can look upon all religions and sects with love. We believe it is the religion of the future enlightened humanity. The Hindus may get the credit of arriving at it earlier than other races, they being an older race than either the Hebrew or the Arab; yet practical Advaitism, which looks upon and behaves to all mankind as one's own soul, is yet to be developed among the Hindus universally.

On the other hand our experience is that if ever the followers of any religion approached to this equality in an appreciable degree in the plane of practical work-a-day life,—it may be quite unconscious generally of the deeper meaning and the underlying principle of such conduct, which the Hindus as a rule, so clearly perceive—it is those of Islam and Islam alone.

Therefore we are firmly persuaded that without the help of practical Islam, theories of Vedantism however fine and wonderful they may be, are entirely valueless to the vast mass of mankind. We want to lead mankind to the place where there is neither the Vedas nor the Bible, nor the Koran. Mankind ought to be taught that religions are but the varied expressions of THE RELIGION, which is oneness, so that each may choose the path that suits him best.

For our own motherland a junction of the two great systems, Hinduism and Islam—Vedanta brain and Islam body—is the only hope. Let my motherland manifest for her good the twofold ideal of an Islamic body and a Vedantic heart. * *

Yours with love,
Vivekananda.

WHO ART THOU?

To The Master

Who art thou? O thou beauteous one who cometh
with the dawn and Morning Star
Who shineth with a gleam of green and gold!
Winged are thy thoughts, and sharp and burning are
the darts of thy remembrance—
Bringer of many gems art thou and o'er thy shining
brow
An aureole of pearly light lingereth lovingly.
No sound doth issue from those lips of marble
strength,
Yet are our hearts attuned to thy good pleasure.
Who art thou? Speak! Yet doth thy silence
thrill the Soul and lo!
Thine eyes speak mysteries that sound would but
destroy!
Who art thou? Heart's desire that smileth in the
cool calm twilight of thy inner life
Drawing to shelter neath thy mantle folds the
tender flowers of love—Who art thou?
Who art thou? list! to the whispering hum of
Eastern seas!
The sigh of palms that rock on strands of gold!
Hark to the ice-bound peaks that thunder messages
to Vales below,
And rivers chanting to the world of men!—
All, all, they sing of *One*! Art thou that *One*?
Here under skies of purple hue, in Solitude
Of midnight calm, I lie and think of thee!
My soul doth question on the great Beyond
And thou art lost—as thoughts—
Like birds dart hither here and there to catch
their need—
One instant found, another gone—I do but wrestle
With mine own desires for *One*—Art thou that *One*?
Love speaks to me with hopeful glance and sees
the treasure that I strive to clasp
But 'tis not yet! Not yet, may portals ope or
heavens disclose
The fulness of the joy of death; and so I wait,
and in patience strive,
Till timeless shores and tideless seas disclose their
hidden ways and *Thou* shalt speak!
While aeons as the fleeting moments pass and
globes are born in trembling Bliss of Thee
Shall I still wait to know thee as thou art,
Deathless and ever hearkening
To the Soul's demand—"Who art thou"?
Shall I then hear Thee Say in accents sweet
"I am thy *One*," thy great "I am," thy all?
Shall I then gaze into the mirror of Thy heart and
see—myself?
Or shall I sink into the great abyss of joy, hear
Thy eternal chant
"Why linger thus so long in worlds that dream?
Behold Me! Behold Me! That thou art!"
"Tat tvam asi."

—A Mystic.

GLIMPSES

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.—Pindar.

No man is hurt but by himself.—Diogenes.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts: therefore guard them accordingly.—Marcus Aurelius.

A man who lives a virtuous life and in the pursuit of knowledge may have great joy with only coarse rice to eat, water to drink, and his bended arm for a pillow.—Confucius.

May I, O Lord, always conquer covetousness, folly and anger, and may my mind be ever devoted to charity, truth, and self-restraint.

—King Yudhishtira.

There are the oil, the lamp, the wick, and the fire, but not until the lamp is lighted is there light, nor is darkness destroyed.—Surdas.

The Self which is free from sin, free from old age, from death and grief, from hunger and thirst, which desires nothing but what it ought to desire, and imagines nothing but what it ought to imagine, that it is which we must search out, that it is which we must try to understand. He who has searched out that Self and understands it, obtains all worlds and all desires.—Chandogya Upanishad.

There are neither two gods, nor three, nor four, nor ten. He is One and only One and pervades the whole universe. All other things live, move, and have their existence in Him.—Atharva Veda.

Men grow too great
For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good: while peace
Rises within them ever more and more. . .
I learned my own deep error: love's undoing
Taught me the worth of love in man's estate,
And what proportion love should hold with power
In his right constitution: love preceding
Power, and with much power, always much more love.

—Paracelsus.

Study therefore to withdraw thy heart from the love of visible things, and to turn thyself to things invisible; for they that follow the pleasures of sense, defile their conscience and lose the grace of God.—Thomes á Kempis.

He who considers all beings as existing in the Supreme Spirit, and the Supreme Spirit as pervading all beings, cannot view with contempt any creature whatsoever.

How can joy and sorrow overtake him who, through wisdom, perceives the Unit Spirit as dwelling in all beings?—Ishopanishat.

Just as the rivers falling into the sea lose their distinction, name, and form: so does the learned man, freed from the phenomenal world, obtain the Glorious Being who pervades all, and is Higher than the highest.—Mundakopanisat.

If God in His wisdom shutteth one door, in His beneficence and mercy, He openeth another.

—Sadi.

But by day alike and night,
Upon the righteous rises ever light.

—Pindar.

Religion consists in doing the least possible evil and the greatest possible good—in mercy, charity, truth and purity of life.—Edict of Asoka.

The Eternal is within us.—St. Augustine.

In the Supreme Spirit there is no distinction between the perceiver, perception, and the object perceived. In this quality of the Being, which is one, intelligent and happy, He shines by self-illumination.—Sankaracharya.

God has given us all wisdom and knowledge, reason and the power to perceive the past and the future; but we do not know it, because we are fooling away our time with outward and temporal things, and are asleep in regard to that which is within our own self.—Paracelsus.

The end of life is to be like unto God; and the soul following God will be like unto Him; He being the beginning, middle, and end of all things.—Socrates.

THE LOVE OF GOD

[A newspaper report of a lecture delivered by the Swami Vivekananda in Detroit, U. S. A. on Feb., 20, 1894.]

VIVEKANANDA delivered a lecture on "The Love of God" at the Unitarian Church, before the largest audience that he has yet had. The trend of the lecturer's remarks was to show that we do not accept God because we really want Him, but because we have need of Him for selfish purposes. Love, said the speaker, is something absolutely unselfish; that which has no thought beyond the glorification and adoration of the object upon which our affections are bestowed. It is a quality which bows down and worships and asks nothing in return. Merely to love is the sole request that true love has to ask. A story was told of the religion of a Hindu Saint. She said to her husband, the Emperor, when they were married, "I am already married."

"To whom?" asked the Emperor.

"To God," was the reply.

She went among the poor and needy and taught the doctrine of extreme love for God. One of her prayers is significant, showing the manner in which her heart was moved: "I ask not for wealth; I ask not for position; I ask not for salvation; place me in a hundred hells, if it be Thy wish, but let me continue to regard Thee as my love." The early language of the Hindus abounds in the beautiful prayers of this woman. The lecturer repeated one in which she idealizes the wondrous sweetness of a kiss from God. When her sad end came—it was thought that she committed suicide upon the banks of a river. But she just before her death had composed a beautiful song, in which she stated that she was going to meet her Beloved. Men, remarked the lecturer, are capable of philosophical analysis in religion. A woman is devotional by nature and loves God from the heart and soul and not from the mere mind or intellect.

The Songs of Solomon were cited by the speaker as one of the most beautiful parts of the Christian Bible. The language in them is much of that affectionate kind that is found in the prayers of the early Hindu woman who founded a beautiful creed

in India. And yet the speaker stated, he heard that the Christians were going to have those incomparable songs removed. He heard an explanation of the songs in which it appeared that Solomon loved a young girl and desired her to return his royal affection. The girl, however, loved a young man and did not want to have anything to do with Solomon. This explanation was excellent to some people because they could not understand such wondrous love for God as is embodied in the Songs. The love for God in India is different from the love for God elsewhere, because when you get into a country where the thermometer is forty degrees below zero the temperament of the people changes. The aspirations of the people in the climate where the books of the Bible were said to have been written were different from the aspirations of the cold-blooded Western nations, where they are more apt to worship the almighty dollar with the warmth expressed in the Songs than they are to worship God. The love for God with people in the West, seems to be based upon the idea of "What can I get out of it?" In their prayers they ask for all kinds of selfish things.

Christians are always wanting God to give them something. They appear as beggars before the throne of the Almighty. A story was told of a beggar who applied to an Emperor for alms. While he was waiting for them the time came for the Emperor to offer up prayers. The Emperor prayed: "Oh, God, give me more wealth; give me more power; give me more empire—." Here the beggar started to leave. The Emperor turned—

"Why are you going?" he asked.

"I don't beg of beggars," was the reply.

Some people find it difficult to understand the frenzy of religious fervour which moved the heart of Mahomet. He would grovel in the dust and writhe in agony. Holy men who have experienced these extreme emotions have been called epileptic subjects! Throughout his discourse the speaker emphasised the absence of the thought of self which should characterise the love for God. "Religion nowadays," remarked the speaker, "has become a mere hobby and fashion. People go to church like a flock of sheep. They do not embrace God because they need Him. Most persons

are unconscious atheists, who self-complacently think that they are devout believers." In a forcible manner Vivekananda referred to the foibles of the Western world and there was much justice in his comments upon alleged Western culture.

THE GLORY OF THE LOIN-CLOTH

[A free translation of Sri Sankara's *Kaupinapanchakum*]

Ever delighting in Vedanta texts,
Ever contented with the alms he gets,
In a woless heart ever finds full meed,
The man with the Kaupin*'s blessed indeed !

The tree's cool shade the only home he has,
His palms ever serve him as dish or glass,
For Mammon like his quilt he feels no need,
The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed !

His cage of flesh doth he never think of,
Seeing the Self in's self feels full of love,
Of end, middle, out, doth he ne'er take heed,
The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed !

With a cheerful heart and a mind content,
All senses controll'd and on joy e'er bent,
On Brahman's bliss doth his mind ever feed,
The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed !

Ever on's lips the hallow'd letters five,
And the Great Siva's name in's heart doth thrive,
On alms living, the wide world is journeyed,
The man with the Kaupin's blessed indeed.

N. N. S.

* *The man with the Kaupin*—One who has no other possession in the world except his *Kaupina*, or the two bare strips of linen which serve as a Sannyasin's loin-cloth. Hence it means, the man of perfect renunciation.

WHAT IS DRIVING MEN BACK TO RELIGION

THE distinguished professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, has just gone to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard University, and the "Harvard Theological Review" publishes a remarkable article from his pen in which he points out "What is driving men back to religion to-day." Writes Professor Eucken :—

"He is but a superficial observer of the times who can think that the movement of life to-day is altogether against religion, and that only the denial of religion has the spirit of the age with it.

"For, certain as it is, that blatant denial still holds the public ear and is more and more permeating the masses, yet in the work of the intellect, and likewise in the depths of men's souls, the case is different. Here, with even greater vigour, is springing up the feeling that religion is indispensable, the yearning for religion.

MORE DEPTH OF LIFE.

"What is understood by religion is often anything but clear, and often very different from the traditional forms of religion; but the demand is unmistakable for more depth of life and for the establishment of profounder, inner connections than our visible existence affords. In the spiritual life of the present day, molecular transformations are taking place, inconspicuous at first but constantly increasing, which will eventually burst upon our view, and which will necessarily provoke essential changes in the entire condition of life. To-day this movement is still an undercurrent, and on the surface the tide flows in the opposite direction. But more and more the undercurrent is rising to the surface, and unless every indication fails, it will soon come into control.

CIVILISATION DOES NOT SATISFY.

"The most fundamental reason for this tendency may be indicated by a single sentence.

"It is caused by the increasing dissatisfaction with modern civilisation, or at least with those aspects of civilisation which now occupy the surface of life.

"All the splendour of the external successes of civilisation cannot hide the fact that it does not satisfy the whole man with his inner needs, and that the amelioration of the world around us which it has accomplished does not compensate for the inner emptiness of its excessive concentration of effort on the visible world, its secularisation of life.

"We moderns have set ourselves at work with all our might, have acquired technical perfection, have combined isolated achievements into great systems. By the increased efficiency of our labour we have increasingly subdued the world, and at the same time have imposed upon human society a far more rational form. But, while we have given every care and effort to the means and conditions of life, we have exposed ourselves to the risk of losing life itself, and while performing astounding external feats, inwardly we have become smaller and smaller. Our work has separated itself from our souls, and it now reacts over-masteringly upon them, threatening to absorb them utterly. Our own creations have become our masters and oppressors. Moreover, as the division of labour increases, work constantly becomes more specialised and engages an ever smaller part of each individual soul; the whole man comes less and less to activity, and we lose any superior unity of our nature. Thus more and more we become mere parts of a civilisation machine.

"In contrast to the enormously expanded space and time which nature has opened to modern research the whole human circle is shrinking into tiny littleness. Rightly did William Jones emphasise the fact that for one hundred and fifty years progress seems to have meant nothing but a continual magnifying of the material world, and a steady diminution of the importance of man.

ARE WE NOBLER MEN?

"If only we were quite sure that all our pains and care and haste were bringing about progress for the whole of human life! but that, again we are not. True, we are constantly advancing in exact science, as we are in the technical mastery of our environment; we are compelling the elements into our service; we are freeing our existence from pain and enriching it with pleasure. But are we by all that winning a closer connection with the depths

of reality? Are we growing in spiritual power as in ethical sentiment? Are we becoming greater and nobler men? As life gains in pleasure do our inner contentment and true happiness increase in due proportion? In truth, we are growing only in our relations to the world outside, not in the essence of our being; and hence the question is not to be evaded, whether the unspeakable toil of modern civilisation is worth while. We work and work, and know not to what end; for in giving up eternity we have also lost every inner bond of the ages and all power of comprehensive view. Without a guiding star we drift on the waves of the time.

"Men crave more love and more solidarity in the human race than modern civilisation affords, and that, too, is driving men to religion. Christianity not only had made love the kernel of religion, but also, starting from a Kingdom of God, it had established an inner human solidarity and created an organisation on a spiritual foundation.

"The same principles which govern individual conduct are extended to social groups and entire nations; self-interest is the single rule of action; the moral interest of mankind is relaxed and dissolved. The danger is imminent that the end may be a war of all against all. Undoubtedly the resulting rivalry and strife has affected much that is great; it has given life a thorough shaking up, and banished all idle repose.

"And on this new foundation cohesive forces are by no means lacking. Such a force in particular is Work, which with its growth to great combination perfects organisation, assigns to each single element a definite part, and binds them all firmly together. But such gearing together of performances by no means amounts to harmony of sentiment; if it did the antinomies of the social question and our economic conflicts would be impossible.

INNER HUMAN BONDS.

"Among the monstrous confusions of the present time the demand for stable connections grows insistent, connections which take concern both for the common weal and for the individual. If however, this demand plants itself wholly on the basis of the visible world and denies everything invisible, it must inevitably assume the form of a harsh

oppression and compulsion, for it can produce its effect not through conviction but solely through force. In the social democratic movement of the present such a danger already shows itself in full distinctness. But while the modern man struggles with all his soul against such a compulsion, a solution of the entanglement is to be sought in no other direction than that of a recovery of inner human bonds and of recourse to an inner world, common to all of convictions, faith, ideals. We need to upbuild humanity from within, and this cannot be done without a profound deepening of life, and this in turn is not possible without religion.

AN INNER UPLIFT.

"Soul, eternity, love—these are not brought to us quickly and painlessly by the world about us; they require an inner elevation, they demand a new world.

"By no readjustment within the human circle can greatness be given to man, if human nature is not capable of elevation from within, if man is a mere natural being.

"Just because our life is ever growing more intense and more laborious, we must unconditionally demand that it be given an aim and a meaning. Therefore, in all deeper souls to-day is stirring a demand for an inner uplift of human nature for a new idealism. And this demand will necessarily have to seek an alliance with religion. No matter how many opponents religion may still encounter, nevertheless, stronger than all opponents, stronger even than all intellectual difficulties, is the necessity of the spiritual self-preservation of humanity and of man. Out of the very resistance to the menace of annihilation will proceed elemental forces—which are the strongest thing in the world.

THE OLD THAT AGES NOT

"Thus, though it be through a course of hard lights and radical upheavals (as history indirectly tends to prove), religion will surely come to new ascendancy. But the return to religion by no means signifies a return to the old forms of religion. Through modern culture too much in the condition of life has been changed for us to resume these forms unchanged. Religion will win back men's souls so much the sooner the more ener-

getically it harks back to its original sources, the more sharply it separates the temporal and the eternal in their own spheres, and so brings the eternal to new effectiveness and sets it in close and fruitful relation to the real needs of the present. The superiority of the eternal consists not in that it persists unchanged within time, but in that it can enter all times without losing itself in them and from them all can elicit that particular portion of truth which their endeavour holds.

"The old that ages, he must let go, who would hold fast the old that ages not.

"Without religion genuine optimism is impossible."

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race :
Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge—reverence—
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right.

* * * * *

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more.
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manner still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone,
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains
shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit !

James Russel Lowell.

IN THE LAND OF THE MUMMY

(Continued from page 15)

THE Museum of Cairo contains the finest collection in the world of Egyptian antiquities. It is there that one learns how true is the adage "There is nothing new under the sun." The wonders one sees! Let me enumerate a few of them. The Royal Mummies and their fine enamelled wood coffins; objects found in the tombs; the very jewels the long dead queens used to wear; statues of gods in stone, bronze, glazed and other ware; papyri, scribes' and artists materials; fragments of pottery inscribed with notes, texts, epitaphs, etc; harps with their strings intact, vases, cups, chains of beads. Besides this indescribable display there are various Egyptian details of life as it existed many thousand years ago, all vastly edifying.

We turn to the cases containing ornaments, seals, cylinders and scarabs. Here we find scarabs in different materials, e.g., gold, lapis-lazuli and in limestone. These last are glazed in red fire with enamels of various colours, mostly of a light bluish greenish hue. The royal ones inscribed with the cartouches, Egyptian symbols of the kings, are of priceless value.

Then there are the series of ornaments in the jewel-room illustrating the art of the goldsmith and jeweller during a period of 5,000 years, which should be studied and admired. One is struck by the perfection reached in this delicate art in the earliest times. Most of the exhibits were found on mummies. Two beautiful crowns of Queen Khnumuit, of gold, lapis-lazuli, carnelian, red jasper and green felspar are very fine.

The wealth of the Egyptians was proverbial with the neighbouring nations, and the existing monuments of their magnificence prove that Egypt was a highly civilised country in the remote past.

The most absorbing objects of interest are naturally the Mummies. Originally, their forms lay hidden under wrapping after wrapping, until strangers overran the land, opening up tombs and unbinding with sacrilegious hands the linen bands in which they were swathed. The Mummy of Menotaph which lies in a glass enclosed case in the museum, is supposed to have been the Pharaoh—who was the hard task-master of the children of Israel, in Egypt. A certain learned German investigator has examined the Mummy's teeth and says, "They are full of cavities, in which exposed nerves must have throbbled, throwing Egypt's ruler into a savage temper—just the frame of mind in which a despot would order his slaves to make bricks without straw or build a pyramid." He also claims that, "It is proved, from the examination of Pharaoh's body, that in life he must have suffered from gout, for his blood-vessels and ribs show undoubted signs of chalky degeneration." He adds "Here then, is a very reasonable explanation of what has never been understood before—the irritable nature and fickleness of mind which characterised that Pharaoh who ruled over Egypt when the Israelites marched out after the plagues had been inflicted upon the luckless people and their king."

The scarabs or sacred beetles were placed inside the case of the Mummy, because the beetle was the chosen emblem of a future life and of a resurrection from the dead. The pectoral or funeral scarab was placed over the heart of the Mummy. The collar of beads or gold placed on the neck, was to give him power to free himself from his bandages; the symbolic eye, representing the sun and moon giving the deceased their protection; the key of life symbolising that life which

belongs both to man and the gods; the heart, which replaced in the Mummy the actual heart, and sundry other amulets. Instructions regarding the efficacy of and disposition on the Mummy of all the amulets, are given in the Book of the Dead. In some of the Mummy cases of children it was found to be the custom to bury the toys of a dead child with the body, so that the little boy or girl should have the familiar toy animals or dolls to play with in the other world. The dolls have life-like heads, but the bodies and lower limbs are in some instances non-existent. The rag doll is stuffed with papyrus.

Conspicuous amongst a number of other notable statues are, the magnificent statue of Cephren, the builder of the second Pyramid of Giseh, and a monument in black granite, representing Ra, chief herald of the king, on his funerary bed with a small figure typifying the soul re-united with the body. A wooden statue of an old Egyptian Sheikh, discovered at Sakkarah, attracts universal attention from its life-like appearance and the vigour and attitude of the figure. In fact, it brought vividly to my mind, the type of the Indian Sannyasin with his shaven head, loin-cloth and staff. Superb statues of Pepi I. and his little son, made of plates of copper represent one of the most celebrated Pharaohs of Memphis. The many fine statues though not graceful are imposing, simple and often colossal. Astonishingly fresh in appearance are they as if they had only been chiseled yesterday. Here, too, is a funeral sailing boat with sail, in a state of wonderful preservation. So also is a bas-relief in limestone, representing King Amenotnes IV. making an offering to the solar disc; the rays of the sun end in hands which transmit life to the king and queen.

I cannot do better than quote in full the words of Mr. Robert Hichens respecting the chapel of the Hathor Cow, from Der-el-Bâhri,

B. C. 1600, or perhaps as early as 1368. "And positively this cow is to be worshipped. She is shown in the act apparently of stepping gravely forward out of a small, arched shrine, the walls of which are decorated with brilliant paintings. Her colour is red and yellowish red, and is covered with blotches of very dark green, which look almost black; only one or two are of a bluish colour. Her height is moderate. I stand about five feet nine, and I found that on her pedestal the line of her back was about level with my chest. The lower part of the body, much of which is concealed by the under-block of limestone, is white tinged with yellow. The tail is red. Above the head, open and closed lotus flowers form a head-dress, with the lunar disc and two feathers. And the long lotus stalks flow down on each side of the neck towards the ground. At the back of this head-dress are a scarab and a cartouche. The goddess is advancing solemnly and gently. A wonderful calm, a matchless, serene dignity enfold her. In the body of this cow one is able—indeed, one is almost obliged—to feel the soul of the goddess. The incredible is accomplished. The dead Egyptian makes the ironic, the sceptical, modern world, feel deity in a limestone cow. How is it done? I know not; but it is done. Genius can do nearly anything, it seems. Under the chin of the cow there is a standing statue of the king Mentu-Hotep, and beneath her the king kneels as a boy. Wonderfully expressive and solemnly refined is the cow's face, which is of a dark colour, like the colour of almost black earth—earth fertilised by the Nile. Dignified, dominating, almost, but just not, stern, strongly intelligent, and through its beautiful intelligence, entirely sympathetic ('to understand all is to pardon all'), this face, once thoroughly seen, completely noticed, can never be forgotten. This, indeed, is one of the most beautiful statues in the world."

The Cairo Museum is a place to linger

over and to ponder as one stands before the many remains which mark the energies of the dead past. One seems to breathe the air of profound antiquity and is transported at once to the kingdom and dynasties of the dim and distant past.

After spending days in visiting the Coptic churches, the Tombs of the Khalifs and numerous other places of note, the new comer finds it extremely recreative and amusing to walk in the bazaars. They are always new, strange and entrancing, not to be missed and often to be re-visited. The inhabitants follow composedly their own peculiar manners and customs, eat their own dishes, wear their own costumes, and everywhere is the strange Oriental smell that is so agreeable to Eastern noses. All manner of purchases can be made, for many a shop is a multifarious repository of tempting and bizarre articles which captivate the foreigner; visitors are cordially invited to enter the shops and inspect the countless goods displayed. There is so much to see in Cairo and many quiet corners to explore.

In addition to the attractions which are to be found within the city itself, there are a number of short and enjoyable excursions which may be taken: such as to the Obelisk, and Remains at Heliopolis, the Ostrich Farm and Aquarium. Near Helwan are the quarries of Turâ and Masâra. It is only within recent years that the former has sprung into fame on account of its natural mineral waters. One can visit the Delta Barrage and the petrified forest, or one can journey farther afield to the Fayum and Oases.

I made a trip to the Island of Roda to see the Nilometer, a graduated column marked with cubits, planted in a kind of well, which measures the height of the inundation. When the height of the river reaches about 16 cubits, the time for cutting the canals is proclaimed; and this ceremony takes place with festivities about the middle of August,

At the north side of the Island, in a garden, my attention was drawn to a wonder-working tree of the Saint Mandura. It was hung with scraps of clothing, all of which had come from sick persons, and had been exchanged for two leaves for the purpose of applying to the part affected.

C. E. S.

(To be continued).

STORM GODS

Roar on ye Maruts, keepers of the Winds !
 Ye are the servants of the Gods Himalayan ;
 Ye stand at their command !
 And when they bid ye do their will
 Behold ! Ye draw a curtain over earth,
 Ye cast a pall of clouds all o'er the plains
 And then ye forge the roaring thunder,
 Let loose the screaming winds
 And flash your passion over earth
 In lurid lightning and in mad refrain
 Of seething tempests and of hissing rain !
 Ye Maruts ! Ye are the Gods of storm,
 And from your high Himalayan caves
 Ye toss the waters of the sea
 And fling your whirling hurricanes
 Across the wide expanse of earth !
 Roar on, ye Storm-Gods wild !
 Ye are the worthy servants of the Gods,
 And of Great Shiva Mahadev,
 Destruction-bent and Death-delighting,
 Who keeps ye as His Minions !
 In Vedic days the Vedic bards sang
 High your praises, offering worship
 Unto ye ! And still ye live forever,
 Like Vulcans to the Throne of God !

—A Western Pilgrim.

Mayavati, May 7, 1911.

GLIMPSES OF THE SWAMI

VIVEKANANDA'S LIFE

[Being a lecture given by F. J. Alexander Esqr., before the annual meeting of the Calcutta Vivekananda Society at the Belur Math under the presidency of the Swami Saradananda, Sunday, Feb. 9th 1913.]

TO speak concerning the Swami Vivekananda is to all of us here, I am sure, to be caught up into the sphere of divinity itself, for the whole meaning of the Swami's life was divine and the message he gave likewise divine. Consequently it is with a feeling of worship and spiritual recollection that I commence my discourse.

I wish to thank you with great sincerity for the privilege you have accorded me to speak concerning him. I well know how unworthy I am to be here as an exponent of the great Swami's ideas and life. Yet, when the invitation came I accepted it as a call, and through the grace of Swamiji and likewise through your reverent attitude to him, I hope that my words may be of some enlightenment.

Like great stars that shine in the darkness of night are the saints and sages amidst the Maya of the world. In the confusion of this world their voices ring out triumphant declaring that which is the Real. They are the beacon-lights of humanity on the paths of the soul.

The man whose name and personality we commemorate to-day was a shining light and his voice uttered the very highest wisdom and the highest Truth. We, who are gathered here to-day realise the sanctity of the Swami Vivekananda. We see in him a light made manifest for the good of the world—a light that still shines amongst us, greater than life, stronger than death, for it is the Light of God. His message unto mankind was that of the soul and, pondering over his message, one realises that he was himself the incarnate Spirit of his own teaching. He preached the beyond-body idea and the beyond-body life. Heeding the words that still live, afire with the divine flame of his own personality, one is con-

scious that though the body he wore as a garment has passed into death, he still lives immortal and free, untouched by death in the radiance of that Light which he knew and realised as God. Verily he was That.

Encased in the body, burdened by the body-consciousness,—difficult is it for the human soul to know Reality. Heavy are the mists of the senses, dark are the clouds of ignorance, dense the fog of illusion. The heart of man wavers in anxiety, his way is blocked with countless obstacles. Despair and pain are everywhere. Desire runs rampant into anguish, and death runs riot everywhere. Where is there any hope? Thus speaks the heart of man.

When darkness is darkest and man labours in uttermost despair then is the Light made manifest. From out of the very anguish of man is born the Light of God. When the search for Truth becomes unbearable by reason of the fact that Truth is not yet found, then does Truth make itself manifest unto men.

Prior to the on-coming of that great force which we all recognise as Ramakrishna-Vivekananda, the whole world lay enthralled in a materialistic culture. Everywhere the physical predominated. Aye, even here in India did the nightmare of materialistic civilisation for a time torture the people, whose inspiration had been for countless ages the priceless treasures of the Vedas. The time was ripe of which Sri Krishna in a far distant age said unto Arjuna, "Whensoever virtue subsides and unrighteousness prevails then do I make Myself manifest; then do I come down to help mankind."

All of us know, in the light of the Vedanta, that spirituality and religion are synonymous with the conquest of the body-idea, and that immortality is the demonstration of the life of the soul, here and now, even when the body-consciousness presses most heavily upon the sense-imprisoned spirit. We Hindus wait for no hereafter to prove the existence of the soul, we do not wait for the shock of death, a mere physical event, to substantiate the fact that the soul is. Here and now is Nirvana to be attained; here and now is Mukti to be made our very own. A tremendous task,

indeed, a task attesting to the actual divinity of him who accomplishes it and stands victorious on the battle-field of life, the consciousness of sense vanquished, the consciousness of the soul triumphant. Such a conqueror, my friends, was the Swami Vivekananda. He was, in very fact, such a Divine Personality. The value of Swami Vivekananda's life to us is that he has lifted the veil which separates man from his true nature, which separates man from God. How exalted, therefore, does he loom up on the horizon of our spiritual imagination. It is almost incredible to think that in our very own age there has been one, who like some god has arisen in our midst, to point out to us the glorious reality of the soul and fulfil the holiest expectations that the heart of man has cherished in the history of human life. Bound down by the same limitations as ourselves, wearing the same body as we ourselves wear, going through the same struggles as we ourselves meet with, knowing the same anguish and despair that we ourselves know, being confronted with the same problems that we ourselves are confronted with,—and solving them, the Swami Vivekananda is not far removed from us as some Incarnations have been by reason of their surpassing Glory. He was with us and of us and is with us and of us. Therefore when I speak of him I seem to feel that it is of one who is human as we ourselves are human, and present here amongst us. And because of his very intimate humanity with ourselves, his life and personality seem all the more divine, and his teaching all the more true, and his realisation all the more real. He was a man who came in touch with the Highest Consciousness, a man who *knew* he was not the body, a man in whose heart the loftiest emotions of the soul burst forth, killing out all that which was mortal and of the body. In other words, he knew he was the Spirit; he knew and saw God.

Descending to the story of his humanity, let us pass through the history of his realisation. Let us survey the years of his struggle to know God, when he passed through periods of longing and struggle and finally became that illumination which made him the Swami Vivekananda.

His very birth was enshrouded in prayer and meditation. Aye, even prior to his birth was the

family in which he was to be born, purified for that momentous event. The grandfather of the Swami Vivekananda at the age of twenty-five threw off the bondage of the world and became a Sannyasin. His own mother beseeching Shiva for a son, after long months of meditation and austerity had finally, like another Mary, a vision that the Lord Himself should be borne unto her.

Whatever be the value of this vision,—one thing is certain that as time went on his life was a revelation of the Shiva-consciousness, that consciousness which knows itself as Soul, beyond the body and all bondage.

In his youth we find how, here and there, he manifested signs of being possessed of no ordinary boy's personality. The only way in which his mother could tame his refractory spirit was with the threat that Shiva would not let him go back to Kailas. The monk in him instinctively rebelled, in a boyish way, when he heard that Rama and Sita were married. Boyishly he broke their images into bits and enthroned upon his little altar the image of Lord Shiva, Mahadev, instead. He was wont to play at meditation; and oftentimes such play became awesome, for his relatives would have to shake him out of that meditative play, so instinctively concentrated had the boy-mind of him become. At an early age he had the vision of a luminous figure. It had come to him like a Sannyasin, with a wonderful face, while he played at meditation. Later in life he thought that this figure had been that of Lord Buddha Himself. His dying uncle, seeing into the future, as often dying persons are privileged to do, predicted that Norendra, whom he had asked to read to him a chapter of the Mahabharata, would become a great man with a marvellous future. Even in the days of his childhood he was the acknowledged leader amongst his playmates. His school-days showed how unusual were his faculties of mind. And all through his boyhood days, besides play and study, he prayed and meditated before the Image of the Lord of Monks.

When his boyhood days passed and he entered the larger life of college study and experience, we find him a restless and impatient soul, suspicious of all knowledge that did not bring him truth. True, he studied history and literature, and the

philosophies of the East and West, but he wanted something more. This desire in him at last became torture. He investigated everything; he ransacked the treasure-house of all worldly knowledge, sounding all systems of philosophy and creed, joining the Brahmo Somaj, reading the "Imitation of Christ" and the Upanishads, familiarising himself with the Old and New Testaments, listening to Christian missionaries, thinking for himself on spiritual subjects of all description until his brain almost burst with the terrible strain. One day, in a mood of spiritual analysis, he dashed his head against a tree to see if his own body existed. He was satisfied with nothing. He wanted no more theories, no more theology, no more philosophy, and one sees him bursting into the meditation-room on the house-boat of the Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore, his eyes ablaze with spiritual fire, his whole person tense with spiritual longing, asking that great man, "Mahashaya, have you seen God?" Aye, he was sick with theories about God. His soul was aflame. He was almost mad with yearning. He wanted no more to hear about God. He wanted to find one who had *seen* God. He demanded that he himself should see God.

When the Maharshi Debendra Nath heard the question of the young man before him, he exclaimed, "My boy, you have Yogi's eyes." Noren, as the Swami was then called, found no satisfaction anywhere. For days he was as if mad. The Bhagavad Gita entered into his brain like fire. He had, even in his dreams, visions of the exalted life. But he was not satisfied. His soul cried out for one who had *seen* God. At length a saint who had *seen* God came into his life. All of you know who that saint was. It was our Bhagavan, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa Deva. Ramchandra Dutta, the uncle of our sage, acted as a go-between. He told Noren, calling him by his pet name, "Bileh! Wander no longer here and there. Go no longer to this or that man. Come, I will show you a man who has *seen* God.

And Noren went to the temple whose domes loom up in the distance beyond us,—the temple of Kali, the Mother of the Universe. And there he found the man who told him unequivocally, "Yes, my boy, I have *seen* God!" Noren was

dumbfounded. He could not believe his ears. He was overcome with ecstasy. His first experience with the Lord was wonderful. Sri Ramakrishna acted as if Noren were always known to him and said, "O my boy, my boy, you have come, you have come!" His love for Noren was instantaneous and marvellously intense. People wondered, but the Master in a vision told those about him, "It is because this boy is filled with Divinity that I am so strongly attached to him." Aye, it was strange that the man, to whom the sages and epoch-makers in modern Hinduism came as disciples to a Guru, a man who had freed himself from all bondage of Maya, should look with such endearment upon one who was but as yet a boy. The Master prophesied many wonderful things concerning the young man before him. He said that he was one of the Saptarshis, that the tendency of his mind in meditation was towards the Absolute Brahman, that verily he had Shiva Sakti in him, that he was possessed of uncommon powers, that the radiance of his nature was divine, that he would move the world, that he was to be like a great banyan tree which should give shelter to many souls, that his work would be astonishing, that, in fact, Noren was a roaring fire of spirituality, that he was to become an awakener of souls.

But Noren besides being all these was a great thinker, and as a great thinker, he was also a great doubter. He would not move one step, spiritually speaking, without seeing the reason why. So, after Noren's first ecstasy with the Master, one finds him challenging him, questioning his realisations, laughing at his childish faith in Mother Kali. In his great intellectual struggle previously, Noren had questioned the truths of Hinduism. He condemned them wholesale. He was horrified at some of the religious ideas in Hinduism. He had lost the Hindu perspective and become agnostic. In him the turbulent transition of Modern India found its very embodiment. Thus the history of his discipleship is the history of New India becoming reconciled to and understanding the true worth of the Old India. Ramakrishna Paramahansa was the India of Old, possessed of all the realisations of the Hindu Past. Day after day, month after month, for five years, and after intense struggles the doubting mind of Norendra Nath Dutta, was vanquished

by the soul of his Master. The spiritual experiences of the Master which Noren at first doubted and even ridiculed became in time his very own. One by one the Master bequeathed to Noren each and every realisation he had ever known. He was glad that his disciple challenged him. He had prayed for such a disciple. He drew out all the possibilities of Norendra. He instructed him by day and by night how to meditate, how to transfigure his nature, how to conserve his forces, and above all he made him see the sanity and truth of every Hindu idea. He revealed to him the reality of Shiva and Kali, of Radha and Krishna, and of Rama and Sita in a light he had never dreamed of. And as the result Noren saw the philosophy of Hinduism. More than that, he saw these Hindu ideals as forms, actual and real, of that all-inclusive reality which is Brahman.

The tale is too long to tell. It would involve a complete recital of the whole life of Sri Ramakrishna itself, not alone that, but of the whole Modern Transition in India as well. Suffice it to say that, at the passing of Sri Ramakrishna, Norendra Nath Dutta, the brilliant intellect, the aggressive seeker after truth, the former denouncer of Hinduism, the prophet of a feverish modernism in India, came to understand India and India's problems in the light of Hinduism, and had spiritual experience after spiritual experience that made him pass through the whole history of the religious life from doubting and transient visions to the glory of the Nirvikalpa Samadhi itself.

After the Mahasamadhi of Sri Ramakrishna, Norendra Nath Dutta, now a Sannyasin, after organising with the help of his brother-monks the Order of Sri Ramakrishna, wandered over the extent of his native land. He had Spiritual illumination. He had seen God. He looked upon his own Master as God. But a great determination came over him to make practical all that he had learned at the feet of his Master. How could his spiritual realisation help India! Staff in hand, without any possessions, mostly alone, begging his food from door to door, defiant of heat and of cold, of hunger and thirst, knowing himself as the Self, one sees him wandering through one province after another on the dusty high roads of his native land, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Tarake-

swar to Dwarka, now in the houses of the poor, now in the palaces of Maharajas, at all times studying India, studying Hinduism, actually and historically, solving Indian problems, and at last reaching the southernmost extremity of India at the Temple of Kanya Kumari. Here he performed a great meditation out of which arising he determined, like another Buddha and another Sankaracharya, and with Akbar's vision of a united India, to reconstruct the whole Indian world, to preach everywhere the Gospel of Hinduism and to wander to the far distant lands of the West to find means and methods for the redemption of the Indian People and the final solution of their problems.

Instinctively, all who came in touch with him at the time, saw in him "A condensed India," a lover of Old India and a prophet of the India to come. With funds obtained from some of the Indian princes and from the people of Madras, he at length embarked on the mission which was his, the mission whose spirit had thrown him from out the caves in the Himalayas and from the heights of meditation to do the work appointed for him from On High.

Now one is suddenly translated to the greatest religious concourse the Western world has ever known, the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, in America. Seven thousand people sit listening to the wisdom of the world's religions. Bishops, priests and clergymen from all countries of the world are gathered together. It is the greatest moment in the history of religion, not only in the West, but in the whole world. The occasion was ripe for the appearance of a mighty prophet with a new gospel. One speaker after another follows. At length arises a young Sannyasin from India. At his very appearance, at the first words uttered by his lips, the whole, silent gathering of thousands is taken by storm. Hundreds rise to their feet, hundreds of others cheer wildly. Then a wonderful silence ensued; and in that great silence rang out the words which have since become the modern Gospel of the West, the words surcharged with Hindu ideas and Hindu realisations, the words of the Swami Vivekananda, the Prophet of the Modern Religious Transition in the West. Verily, he was the first Oriental since the time of Christ with such a spiritual message. The

Parliament of Religions dispersed; and all over America and Europe were spread by wondering hearts the words and teaching of the Swami Vivekananda and the great spirit of Hinduism, the great spirit of the Vedas and the Vedanta, the great spirit of Bharatavarsha.

Then one sees the mind of the Swami Vivekananda busied with a thousand concerns. In Europe, in America, in India he had vital interests, he was solving problems, he was making disciples and spreading the cause of Hinduism and of India. In numerous lectures he defended India, interpreted Hinduism and gave to the peoples of the West the message of the Vedanta. Now from Los Angeles, California, and London, Italy, Paris and in Germany, aye, even under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral in London are heard messages breathing the spirit of the Vedanta and of the Swami Vivekananda. Religion is becoming liberal in the West, sectarianism is dying out. The ideal of a Universal Religion is spreading, and in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches new movements are rising filled with a broader, deeper, and truer spirit because Ramakrishna lived and Vivekananda preached the message of the Sanatana Dharma, the Religion Eternal.

Again, the scene shifts to India—with all India, rising practically as one man to do honour to the young monk who had aroused the whole West and drew the attention of hundreds of thinkers to India and its religion. Gatherings are held everywhere, from Colombo to Almora. For the first time India sees in her midst people from the distant West as converts to the aeon-old philosophy of the Upanishads. And from Ceylon to the Himalayas, India hears a voice thundering the greatness of Bharatavarsha, the grandeur of Hindu ideals, the glory of the Indian Past, the superiority of her civilisation over the whole world. And this voice is the voice of the Swami Vivekananda. New conceptions are being introduced into India, conceptions of service, of nation-making, of reform and of Hinduism in general. Through the insight of the Swami Vivekananda, India, as it were, is growing self-conscious. The spirit of the Asoka's age and of Sankaracharya are, as it were, stirring abroad. Here and there, monasteries are being built, and centres of service.

A new spirit is in evidence. The name of Ramakrishna rings throughout the land. The monastic order, founded by Sri Ramakrishna is increasing. In America and in Europe converts to the Vedanta are multiplying. A great spirit is at work, a spirit, of which Sri Ramakrishna said, "It shall move the world."

And in the very midst of this wondrous activity, this renewed life of Hindustan receives a terrible shock. Carried into the innermost heart of things by the very power of his work, the soul of the Swami, even in the very midst of success and tremendous activity, hears the Call of Shiva. Remembering that which he was, and fulfilling in this respect the prophecy of his Master, he casts off the bondages of the body. In the silent hours of meditation, even in the midst of work, like another Arjuna in the battle-field of the Kurukshetra of this life, he hears the words of the Great Master and enters the Nirvikalpa Samadhi from which he never returned. For a time sorrow seizes all. It is, as if, the very heart of India itself stopped all of a sudden. That vast light had suddenly become extinguished. That which had been, as it were, India itself incarnate had suddenly ceased to be. But what of that! Do we not remember the words of the Swami, preaching like another Paul, "There is no death!" Aye, ecstasy takes the place of sorrow. The whole character of the Swami's life comes upon us with terrific meaning *because* he lived. And we feel like exclaiming, "We shall be men because he lived! We will hold the body as nothing because he lived and preached! Because he lived we shall, even as he, offer ourselves for the good of the world, for the redemption of the Indian peoples and for the spreading of India's Gospel throughout the world!" We shall exclaim because he lived, "We are glad that we are Indians, glad that we are disciples of this great Master."

And he is with us still. Did he not say, "I may find it good to throw off this body as one throws off an old garment, but I shall never cease to work?"

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

[An extract of a speech delivered by Mr. T. N. Mukherji at the Birthday Anniversary of Swami Vivekananda held at Benares.]

Gentlemen,—

The poor are being fed on the other side. I consider that work more important than giving a lecture. However, I shall say a few words at your request.

It is a pity that a man like Swami Vivekananda should be taken away from us at such an early age. I well remember the day when the news of his untimely demise flew about in Calcutta. It fell like a thunder-bolt upon the heart of Bengal, and the people then fully realised what a great and irreparable loss India had suffered by his death. It was as if a great beacon-light was suddenly extinguished, and the people left to grope again in darkness. It seems that God allows some of His choicest sons to shed a gleam upon the world only for a short while. So it was with Sankaracharya, so it was with Jesus Christ. But their work remains behind. Perhaps they are sent only to sow the seed. The seed in due course sprouts and the little seedling nourished by time grows into a gigantic tree, under which find refuge millions of souls, after being beaten, battered and tossed by the tempestuous turmoils of the world. The seed which Swami Vivekananda sowed has grown into a tree, which is already bearing fruit.

I do not think that the people of Bengal fully appreciated his value during the early days of his life. He was then better known in Madras and other parts of India. Then, one morning the people of Bengal rose and rubbed their eyes to find that they had a Caesar among them, a Caesar not of wars and battles but of peace and wisdom, who had gone to America, seen America and had conquered America. He had taken by storm the hearts of sages and divines, representatives of various religions, who had assembled from all quarters of the globe to meet at the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago. That day were fulfilled the predictions made about him by learned and pious men, who came in contact with him in the days of his boyhood. Babu Surendra Nath Banerji, the greatest orator India has ever produced, was once moved with admiration at the eloquence of Narendra, for that was his name, when he was still a schoolboy. Afterwards, when he was studying law, an eminent barrister predicted that he would be a great lawyer. Others foretold that he would shine the most in whatever path of life he might choose to follow. But it was men possessing spiritual insight who noticed other tokens in him which presaged a life of an entirely

different character. The venerable sage, Maharshi Devendra Nath Tagore, once remarked to him,—“Boy! You have the eyes of a Yogi!”

But it was the Master, Sri Ramakrishna, at whose feet Vivekananda imbibed wisdom, who really and fully saw what sort of stuff he was made of. Their first meeting was extremely pathetic. Advised by a friend Narendra one day went to the temple of Dakshineswar, near Calcutta, where the saint passed his days in worship and meditation. The Master bade him sing a song. Listening to him his face all of a sudden became radiant with joy, and tears streamed from his eyes and he exclaimed,—“Boy, my boy! I have been waiting for you for years. At last you have come.” That day a sacred tie was established between the boy and the saint. The Master used to say,—“Noren is a lotus with a thousand petals; he is free from attachment, and is above all sensual desires.” This last remark was verified in his life in several instances. No temptation could move Noren from the path of purity and rectitude.

The heart of the Master gradually got indissolubly bound with that of the disciple. A spiritual love sprang up between them, such love as no layman could conceive, measure or feel. He gradually made him the foremost of his disciples, drew out the energy that slept in his character, nurtured the spirituality that lay latent in his soul, filled his mind with divine wisdom, made him Self-conscious, and at the end, like another great Master who came nineteen hundred years ago, sent him forth to the world to preach the sublime doctrine of the Vedanta philosophy. To the last day of his life he ceaselessly trained his beloved disciple for this noble mission. About two days before his passing away, Noren sat by his bedside lost in deep meditation, and when he opened his eyes he saw the Master in tears. He said to him in a feeble voice “I am a beggar now, Noren! I have given you my all!”—meaning thereby, that at that solemn moment he had bequeathed to Noren all the spiritual powers and realisations he possessed. Thus equipped, Swami Vivekananda had no fear to face the world and to place before it the knowledge for which it had long been hankering.

The large-heartedness and devotional character of Swami Vivekananda were manifested at a very early age. Two days ago a newly-published book entitled “The Life of the Swami Vivekananda,” was placed at my disposal. I had only time to glance over some of its pages. But if any of you feel an interest in the subject, I would recommend you to read this book. It will repay perusal. You will learn much from it, and understand what

qualities differentiate a prophet from the common people of the world. The subject is large, but my knowledge is limited. I can therefore mention only a few incidents of Swami Vivekananda's early life. Once when, he was a little boy of six or seven years, he went with a playmate to see a fair. There he purchased some clay-images of Shiva both for himself and his companion. On their way back, he suddenly found that his friend was in imminent danger of being run over and crushed under the wheels of a carriage which was coming from behind at a furious speed. At considerable risk to his own life he rushed to the rescue of his playmate, and catching hold of him dragged him out of danger. On another occasion some of his friends were being ill-treated by some impertinent boatmen. Norendra was too small a boy to render help. Just at that moment he saw two British soldiers passing by. Now, a British soldier in the eyes of our boys is an object to inspire dread. But without the slightest shadow of fear, Norendra ran to the soldiers and in broken English besought their assistance, which the good Britishers gave, perhaps not without some amusement and admiration at the courage shewn by the bright-faced lad. When a college student, Norendra extricated another student from a pecuniary difficulty, which otherwise would have ruined his future career. He himself had no power or means, but he saved his friend by that impetuosity of will which in after life enabled him to accomplish mighty things.

The devotional tendency of his nature also manifested at an early age. One evening, when accompanying his father on a journey to the Central Provinces, he began to sing a song in praise of God. He sang with such fervour that he fell into an ecstasy—that ecstasy which he afterwards often experienced when leading the life of an ascetic. After the death of his father, when the burden of supporting the family fell upon his tender shoulders, the whole family tasted the bitterness of adversity. It was a time of great trial and tribulation for him. His mother, he himself, and his two younger brothers were often in want of the common necessities of life, and sometimes they had even to go without food. One day, he went to the Master in the hope of lightening the heaviness of his heart by pouring the tale of his sorrows into his sympathetic ear. The Master bade him go to the temple of the Mother Kali close by and to pray. He went, and after some time when he returned, the Master asked him,—“What did you pray for?” “I prayed for Faith, for Love and for Knowledge,” was the reply. The Master sent him to pray again, and when he returned, the same question was put to him and the same answer was given. He was sent to pray a third time, with however the same result. Mark here, that harassed by cares and anxieties he went

to relate his woes to the Master, who thrice sent him to pray. But instead of praying for food or money, which he needed so urgently at the time, he prayed for Faith, Love and Knowledge! What was gold or silver to him who was destined to inherit the riches that no mine of South Africa ever kept hidden in its bowels, and which no king ever dreamt of in his wildest dreams. Was he not a worthy disciple of that Master whose fingers got paralysed at the mere touch of gold and silver?

Gradually his mind was filled with that faith and realisation, which transcendental minds receive on rare occasions from Heaven above. Thus endowed, he stood unawed before the eyes of sages and divines who had assembled at the Parliament of Religions, at Chicago. “Who can be this coloured man, clad in saffron garb, who has the presumption to stand before us?” must have been the thought of many present on that memorable occasion. But this presumptuous young man was soon to give them a shock not unmingled with surprise and admiration. Moved almost by divine inspiration, Swami Vivekananda delivered his address which, partly by the fire of his eloquence, but more by the depth of the sentiments he uttered, kept his hearers spellbound, and threw them into raptures, making them realise that in the ancient archives of India lay the key to unravel the mysteries of life, which for centuries had baffled Western minds. The address sent a thrill through the world, and sages and savants of all countries stood on tip-toe to gaze upon this ancient land which had given birth to this wonderful son. India can never be too grateful to Swami Vivekananda for thus extorting respect for her, from people who had formed the habit of looking down with contempt upon man not white in colour and not professing their religion, and who did not possess sufficient breadth of mind to distinguish the intellectual inhabitants of China from the wild Bushmen of Australia, or a Kalidasa of India from a Hiawatha of America. Americans, among whom as a nation, colour prejudice prevails in a virulent form, sat at the feet of an Oriental to drink deep the nectar that flowed from his lips. For Vivekananda was a world-teacher, like those who appear from time to time to shed light when the world gets enveloped in darkness. Such illustrious personages have been born upon earth from the remotest ages—from that hazy past when our forefathers sang hymns in the Land of the Five Rivers, down to the time when a prophet, kindled by Heavenly fire, preached amid the sandy desert of Arabia, or later still, when a devotee intoxicated with the love of God, danced on the village roads of Bengal, or on the sea-beach of Puri.

As a Vedantist, Swami Vivekananda considered all souls to be potentially divine, as so many beams emanating from the One glorious effulgence

called Brahman. But he found these beams enveloped in the mist of Avidya. He set himself to teach men how to remove this ignorance, how to be free from all impurities in heart and in spirit. Like Western men of science, with materialistic opinions, he too had at first doubts about the wisdom of God. Seeing misery on all sides, seeing the red claws of nature, seeing that all creatures are engaged in devouring each other, his mind was in despair. But these doubts and this despair were soon dispelled by the teaching of the Master. He soon understood that misery is an agency for the purification and evolution of the soul, that nature is for the education of the soul and the soul is infinitely more powerful than nature. He learnt that through struggle for existence and through the will to conquer nature the soul of man gradually evolves. Nature tries at every step to limit man, to crush even the very life out of him, while the man puts forth his best exertion to escape from its all-devouring laws. This exertion on both sides, of the one to destroy and of the other not to be destroyed, sharpens the faculties and evolves a lower being into a higher being. Primitive man crossed a river with the help of a log of wood; from the log evolved the canoe; from the canoe the boat, and from the boat the mighty steamship of the present day, which goes from one end of the earth to the other, regardless of tide and tempest, and in defiance of mountain-high waves. The primitive cart has given place to the locomotive of to-day, which in a few hours travels over a distance which formerly took more than a month. A message, which was formerly almost impossible to send from one part of the world to the other, now reaches its destination in the wink of an eye. Thus the exertion to live, to avoid pain and discomfort, to seek pleasure, is the force by which primitive man has been evolved into modern man. But the conquest of the external nature only, cannot satisfy the soul of man for all time. Man as he grows is confronted with another world—the internal. He has to pause to know the truth by which he may be the master of himself and attain peace. That truth has for long been taught but never fully recognised and not often consciously practised,—the truth that self-sacrifice is the means to evolve man into a divine being.

All creatures, unconsciously or consciously, are working towards this end. The whole world is guided by the law of self-sacrifice,—from the lowest form of life to the Lord Jesus who consciously allowed himself to be crucified for the sake of humanity. The more conscious the sacrifice, the brighter shines the divinity in man. But I fear to go further into the subject, for the more I go, perhaps the deeper will I be dragged into perplexing questions of subtle metaphysics, from which I may not have the time to

extricate myself. Suffice it to say that Swami Vivekananda preached with the greatest emphasis the doctrine that service to our fellow-creatures, without distinction of creed, colour or caste, is service to God. His teachings have borne fruit, as the very existence of this institution shows. Centres of service are springing up here, there and in many places, and our young men are now fired with a new spirit of work, the work of alleviating the misery of others. The workers of this Institution go about picking up from roadsides unfortunate beings stricken down by illness. Some of them are found to suffer from the most loathsome diseases. Yet the noble workers of this Institution nurse them with the utmost care, and handle the most repugnant cases without the least feeling of disgust and without the least fear of infection and death. All honour to them. Indeed, the Swami Vivekananda has breathed a new life into the dry bones of India.

Compared with Swami Vivekananda, I am a mere worm grovelling upon earth, while the souls of men like him soar in the exalted spheres above, immersed in the spirit of God. Men like me can only *strive* to do their duty. But if we wish we can all do some good, however little it may be. The field for work is vast, but workers are few. Millions of our countrymen are steeped in ignorance. Millions live in the midst of misery from the day of their birth to the day of their death and thousands die of preventable diseases. No charity could be greater than that of labouring for the rescue of the millions of unfortunate beings. No work could be nobler than the work of illumining with the light of knowledge the mind of the ignorant masses. Let us therefore try to do some good deed, every day of our life, remembering that service rendered to our fellow-creatures, is the highest worship rendered to God.

TO THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

O Prophet Teacher, Inspirer of our time;
 Arising like the Sages of the olden days,
 Renewing the Spirit of our Vedic Lays
 Thou standest forth, amongst us, all sublime.
 Vivekanand', a Sankaracharya thou,
 Another Seer of Upanishadic Lore,
 Thou hast made the whole wide world to bow
 Unto Ind's Ancient Wisdom, and e'en more,
 For in thy footsteps arise anew and grand
 The glories of our Dharma and our Land.
 Shiva and Sheva alike thou preached;
 Because of thee we again have reached
 Towards our ancient greatnesses,
 Our spiritual blessedness.

A Disciple.

THE FIFTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA MATH, BELUR.

ON Sunday, the second of February, the birthday anniversary of Srimat Swami Vivekananda was publicly commemorated by thousands of persons, of all ages and description, at the Belur Math. From early morning until late at night vast crowds came and went joining in triumphant shouts of praise in the great Swami's honour, worshipping his picture, visiting his room with great reverence and sojourning in meditation before the image in marble, recently placed in the Memorial Chapel erected in his honour. The very atmosphere was surcharged with the spirit of devotion, and one felt that the Swami himself was amongst the immense gathering.

The Math, the chapel of Sri Ramakrishna, the Swami's memorial shrine, all were festively decorated, giving a bright and jubilant effect to the scene and to the day itself. A festive spirit pervaded the air. Sankirtan parties were everywhere in evidence throughout the day. Many devotees joined in joyous dancing parties the while they rent the air with shouts of "Jai Sri Swamiji Maharaj ki Jai!" A bazaar had transported itself from the city to the monastery grounds. Pictures, lockets and motto-cards of Swamiji, his writings and the "Life" of him, recently published, were on sale at many stalls. All day long, because of the large crowds, it was an effort to move from one place to another even on the spacious grounds.

All sorts and descriptions of people were present. Mahomedans, Hindus of all denominations and sects, Brahmans, Christians, and European admirers of the Swami had come to pay their respects to one, the celebration of whose memory constituted this glorious occasion. Some had come from afar, and one seemed to see people from all parts of India. There were Madrasis and Punjabis and Mahrattas besides the Bengalees. And it was right that this should be the case as the Swami Vivekananda himself was, as it were, "A Condensed India."

The inmates of the monastery had done their best to make the celebration a success. For days they had been making preparations, and their work was hastened and made a task of blessedness by the joy of their anticipation. It was they who received the guests, saw to their comforts, and entertained them in every way. In the much-felt absence of Swami Brahmananda in Benares, the revered Swamis Premananda and Saradananda supervised the arrangements and the order of events. When

any uncertainty arose, they were appealed to, and thousands sought them out specially to receive their blessings. Many pious devotees, on seeing them, exclaimed, "Think of it! These *saw* the Lord Himself—and were His *very own* disciples. These were the *gurubhais* of Swamiji himself."

Each year seems to bring additional members to the feet of Swamiji on this hallowed day. This year they were more than ever before. And those who are old in the Order of Sri Ramakrishna and many householders who sat at the feet of Sri Ramakrishna, expressed their sense of amazement at this tremendous progress of the Swami's following and of the Bhaktas of Sri Ramakrishna. Yes, the Spirit is at work, and one felt on this day that the Swami Vivekananda has not died, though his body has indeed been consumed by the flames of the funeral pyre. He is still in our midst, as mighty for the cause of India and of righteousness as when he stood as some Master-Prophet before the thousands at the Parliament of Religions, or when he preached, by his famous lectures and conversations, in the palmiest days of his triumph, from Colombo to Almora.

Following a definite plan, early in the morning the monks worshipped Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna together with Swamiji. A large portrait of Swamiji, as the wandering Sannyasin, with staff in hand, had been brought from his room and installed in the courtyard of the monastery where it could be seen by all devotees. It was touching to see how hundreds prostrated themselves before this life-like image. For hours in the morning a Sankirtan party sang songs before it, arousing a wonderful devotion in the hearts of all.

As time went on, the poor, who are always fed on Swamiji's festival, as a particular feature thereof, gathered in the monastery grounds from every direction. For days previously the event was announced by the beating of drums, in the villages far and near, inviting in the name of Swamiji, all the poor, who might care to come, to partake of food. So they had come, the poor whom Swamiji loved so much, from Calcutta, from Baranagore, from Belur, from Dakshinেশ্বর, from Bally, from Salkhia, from Howrah and other places. On this day, probably, for most of them they would have the feast of the year, if, indeed, not of their very lives. One could not help thinking of Swamiji himself as they arrived by the hundreds, until their assembly swelled, during the middle of the day, to the number of three thousand and more.

Under a great thatched open kitchen in the grounds of the monastery a score of Brahman

cooks prepared the food which was to be partaken of by them. In huge earthen and brazen "hundas" rice and kitcheri and curries of various sorts had been cooking from the night previous. Numerous baskets of sweetmeats and pots of dahi had been purchased. Besides these, there were loochis and hallua and other delicacies. So that when the hundreds of the poor sat down for their food it was with an appetite made keen by long expectation and present anticipation. The Swamis moved amongst their guests,—or better said, the guests of Swamiji himself, encouraging them to ask for more without any hesitation. In the service of this huge number of people, the Brahmacharins of the Math were nobly assisted by young men, mostly college students from Calcutta. Fortunately, the weather was not in the slightest fatiguing, so that the open-air meal was really a joy in every respect. It needed no expression of satisfaction for the poor to give their thanks to their Sannyasin hosts. Their very appetite was in itself that and at the same time a great pleasure to those who had arranged and served at this tremendous entertainment.

When the meal had been partaken of, the name of Swamiji rang out triumphantly, times upon repeated times; and the masses of the poor felt, indeed, that in the great Swami they had verily both a father and a friend. The gentlemen, to the hundreds, who looked on with devotion and happiness at this feeding of the poor, caught likewise, their spirit, and all over the neighbourhood of Belur and even across the waters of the Ganges to the village of Baranagore, could be heard the triumphant shouts, of the Swami Vivekananda's name. Besides the poor, the numerous Bhaktas of Swamiji and Sri Ramakrishna came also as guests.

At about half-past four in the afternoon, large crowds gathered in the court immediately in front of the monastery to listen to two lectures concerning Swamiji's life, given by Sriji Suresh Chandra Samajpati, the Editor of *Sahitya*, and Sriji Panchouri Bannerjee, the Editor of *Nayaka*. Their addresses proved to be brilliant expositions of Swamiji's ideals and message and were received most sympathetically, being punctuated with frequent applause. All throughout the day Bhaktas indulged in reminiscences of the Master and in anecdotes regarding his life. Many repeated to each other extracts of his teachings which they had committed to memory. The attitude of others was that of prayer and glorification, while here and there still others, even amid the festivities and glorious rejoicing spent the time in silent meditation. Even until the late hours of the evening, were the devotees of the Master present, and many attended the *drasti* in the monastery chapel.

Leaving the Math on this day one was overwhelmed with varying emotions. One wished

fervently that each and every day of the year might be like this one, a great day of celebration and commemoration in honour of that wonderful teacher—the Swami Vivekananda. It was a day that must linger long in the memory of him who saw it and must bring to mind, not only the teachings of this great modern prophet, but even the very presence of his personality itself.

A Western Disciple.

On the preceding Tuesday the Swamiji's birthday *Tithipuja* ceremonies were celebrated privately by the Sannyasins of the Ramakrishna Order, and amongst other services, *homa* was performed.

AT THE RAMAKRISHNA MATH, MADRAS.

The celebrations began with *Bhujana* in the morning. The poor were fed. Mr. K. Thathachariar delivered a Tamil discourse in the afternoon on the life and teaching of the Swami. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, B. A., B. L., spoke at 5-30 P. M., on "The place of the Swami Vivekananda in Hinduism," before a large and enlightened audience. In the course of his interesting lecture he said:—

"To me it is the privilege of my life to be asked to take part in to-day's celebrations. I did not enjoy the advantage of a conversation with the Swami in person, but his lectures, writings and sayings as found in the Mayavati Memorial Edition of his Complete Works, give us a realistic presentment of the Swami.

"One of the wisest of historians, the late Lord Acton, said that the first of human concerns was religion and that it was the salient feature of the modern centuries. In India, it is the fashion for Indians as well as for Western observers to speak of religion as inspiring the everyday life of the Hindu. If by Hinduism is meant Brāhmanism, undoubtedly it has since the downfall of Buddhism held unquestioned sway subject to periodical disturbances like those caused by Ramanuja and Chaitanya. Since the age of the Upanishads there have been great prophets and preachers in India, but Buddhism was hardly more than a destructive gospel, destructive of shams and superstitions, of privileges and oppressions. The first and the most authoritative gospel is undoubtedly that of the preacher of the Gita. It has validity for all times and for all men. That, after all, is the human test of Revelation. The next gospel is that of Sankara, which has had enormous influence on Indian thought. The third gospel is that of Ramanuja whose heavenly touch converted the down-trodden *pariahs* into *Atmars*. The fourth and modern gospel is undoubtedly that of the Swami Vivekananda. He saw that Hinduism was in a state of arrested development and tried to infuse into it new life and energy. A mighty intellect and a noble heart, and the vision and the insight of a Seer enabled

him to preach the gospel of a new Hinduism. It is orthodox because it had its roots in the Upanishads and the Gita. It is progressive and energetic because it had got rid of Bráhmānism. He felt the truth that Hinduism in order to be an efficient religion must not be exclusive and must not claim privileges. He firmly believed in proselytising and evidently held the view that those features of Hinduism that could be presented to outsiders as lovable were exactly those that were its essential features. Swami Vivekananda combined the heart of Ramanuja with the great intellect of Sankara. He opened the door to the highest spiritual worship from the Bráhman to the pariah. There can be no doubt that if Hinduism should be a living faith it must be a missionary faith. If the Swami's zeal was so successful in foreign lands it was no less conspicuous in dealing with the problems of his own society. He rightly said that the Smritis and the social structure must go and he accordingly framed his preachings on noble lines. While he preserved everything in the ancient Hinduism which was eternally and universally valid, he rejected the features which had gathered round it as accretions in the course of centuries. The Swami is undoubtedly, the founder of new Hinduism. He is the discoverer of the true Vedantic Hinduism with added emphasis and meaning. He was not only the founder of Hinduism, he was also its energetic populariser. He has for the first time in the history of Hinduism made it possible for the meanest intellect to have a realisation of all that is best and noblest and undying in Hinduism."

The lecturer then quoted the saying of the Swami about the intellectual greatness of the Bráhmans and their duty to work for the salvation of the rest of mankind in India. The Swami said: "He only is the Bráhman who has no secular employment. The secular employment is not for the Bráhmans but for the other castes. To the Bráhmans I appeal that they must work hard to raise the Indian people by teaching them what they know by giving out the culture they have accumulated for centuries." To the non-Bráhman castes he said, "Wait. Be not in a hurry. Do not seize every opportunity of fighting the Bráhman..... You are suffering for your own fault. Who told you to neglect spirituality and Sanskrit learning? Why do you now fret and fume, because somebody else had more brains, more energy and more pluck than you?" The Swami, the lecturer said, was no revivalist. He had no patience with vulgar and grotesque revivalism. Nothing was further from his mind than a mere revival or restoration of the Indian past. The Swami was against mystery-mongering and secret occultism in the name of religion. The lecturer concluded by quoting the message of Sri Ramakrishna to the modern world, "Do not care for dogmas, doctrines or sects.....criticise no one

.....show by your lives that religion does not mean words or names or sects but that it means spiritual realisation."

The lecture was replete with informing quotations from the sayings of the Swami Vivekananda. After the lecture was over, the Swami Sarvananda rose amidst loud cheers to propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer and said that great men came to the world with special duties to perform and that the Swami Vivekananda had a special mission in this world. He performed it in the noblest way that all of them knew so well. Some people were led away by materialistic influences. Human life was meant for higher purposes. The aim of great men had been to show the noble purpose of life to their fellow-beings. Swami Vivekananda laid great stress on the spiritual basis of religion. His religion was man-making religion. The essence of the Swami's teaching was that spirituality and not mere intellectual grasp was indispensable for the realisation of true religion. The gathering dispersed after the distribution of prasad.

AT BANGALORE CITY.

The birthday anniversary was celebrated on Feb. 2, with great enthusiasm in the Ramakrishna Ashrama, Basavangudi. A large gathering was present and all classes co-operated in making the function a success. Indian ladies attended in large numbers. Bhajana processions arrived from Ballapurpet, and Shoolay at 11 a. m. Bhajana continued till noon, and there was music and Harikatha from 3 to 5 p. m. Mr. Karpura Srinivasa Row, Chief Engineer, presided in the evening, when Mr. V. Subramanya Iyer, B. A., Head Master, Government High School, delivered a learned discourse, on the life and teachings of the Swami. He spoke of the Swami being a root reformer and of his having preached the ideal of the preservation of national life. That preservation was eventually to lead to the universal suffrage, universal co-operation, compulsory education and education of women. The lecturer pointed out that ignorance and poverty were the two great evils against the progress of any nation, and the Hindu, if he wants to have a chance of reviving, must dispel ignorance and poverty. Religion was the most efficient force for preserving life and as such, Hindus should cultivate and preserve their religion.

Mr. Karpur Srinivasa Rao, in the course of a spirited address said that Hinduism was a most universal religion and that Swami Vivekananda was the greatest reformer of the present century.

Mr. Narayana Iyengar, B. A., B. L., Registrar of the Co-operative Credit Societies read the letter of the Yuvaraj which was received just then, with a donation of Rs. 100 for the Ashrama. The gathering then dispersed after distribution of Prasad.

AT BANGALORE CANTONMENT

The anniversary was celebrated at the premises of Chathur Veda Siddhanta Sabha School, Cavalry Road, on the 9th February. The programme observed was as follows:—Feeding the poor from 11 to 3 p. m. Music, and discourse about the life of Swamiji from 4 to 6 p. m. Rathotsavam with Sankirtan from 6-30 p. m.

AT THE SEVASHRAMA, KANKIAL.

The Birthday Anniversary of Swamiji passed off splendidly this year. The whole Ashrama was beautifully decorated and special *puja* was performed. More than one thousand hungry Narayans were sumptuously entertained with halua, puri, and curry made with potatoes and beans grown in the Ashrama garden. Many leading Sadhus and gentry joined the Utsab.

AT BENARES.

The anniversary was celebrated in the Ramakrishna Advaita Ashrama. The feeding of the poor was the principal feature of the day, and it began at 1-30 p. m. and nearly 700 poor Narayans were fed. Next, a lecture was delivered by Mr. T. N. Mukherjee, on the Life and Teachings of Swamiji. It was followed by an interesting speech made by a college boy named Paramesh, on the same subject. Nearly 500 gentlemen attended the meeting. The audience were afterwards entertained with the masterly music of the famous musician, Srijut Aghore Chandra Chakravarty, as well as to a concert which was much appreciated. Lastly, at nightfall after distribution of Prasad the meeting dispersed. This year the interest of the whole affair was doubly enhanced by the ennobling presence of His Holiness Swami Brahmananda.

AT YELLAMANCHILY, VIZAGAPATAM.

The birthday anniversary of Sri Swami Vivekananda was celebrated on the 28th and 29th days of January. On the evening of the 28th, there was, as in previous years, Bhajana and procession. On the next day there was the feeding of the poor. In the evening a meeting was held, in the local reading-room with a young Swami as the president. Mr. M. Subbarao Pantulu and Mr. B. Venkatanarayana Naidu, spoke on the life of the Swamiji and his sayings. The meeting was brought to a close with a beautiful lecture from the president.

AT RAM MOHUN FREE LIBRARY, GUNTUR.

Under the auspices of the Ram Mohun Free Library, a public meeting was held in the local Edward Town Hall on the 2nd. February at 5-30 p. m. to commemorate the birthday anniversary of Sri Swami Vivekananda, at which Rao Bahadur T. Venkata Narasah Pantulu occupied the chair. The elite of the town was present. Among the speakers on the occasion was Mr. A. Kaleswara Rao, B. A., B. L., who pointed out the prominence

of Hinduism and how it was brought before the gaze of the Western world for the first time by the Swamiji in the Parliament of Religions, at Chicago. Though the congress was convened, he said, with the Utopian hope of Christianising the whole world, the organisers and others who were dreaming of one Christian globe, were confounded by the appearance of a Hindu clad in orange garment, who held them spellbound with his cogent logic and thundering eloquence, and impressed upon them that there was a religion which they did not rightly understand and which was destined to revolutionise the present tendency of religious thought. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman and the speakers.

AT KAITY, THE NILGIRIS.

The anniversary was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the members of the Mahatma Vivekananda Association, and by the people of Oothanatty in their village, on the 8th February. The whole of the population of the village together with their friends from the neighbouring villages were present and there were Puja and Bhajana. One of the members of the above Association lectured in Tamil on "The Life and Work of the Swami Vivekananda" to the full satisfaction of the audience.

In connection with the above celebration, Bro. Seetha Sing delivered a lecture in the village of Jagathala on the night of the 15th February on the Life of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Deva, in Tamil.

AT TEPPAKULAM, TRICHINOPOLY.

Sri Swami's birthday anniversary was celebrated on the 9th Feb. by the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Vedanta Society. Through the exertions of the members, a sum of money was collected with which some 700 poor people were fed on that holy occasion and clothes were distributed to 36 cripples. In the afternoon, after the annual report was read, Mr. T. S. Nalliappa Sastrigal, B. A., L. T., delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Hindu idea of Evolution." He pointed out in what ways the Western theory was defective and asserted that the system of Reincarnation as explained by the Hindus suited all nations and all times. Mr. C. K. Tyagaraja Dikshitar, B. A., L. T., occupied the chair and spoke eloquently on the object of the meeting. The proceedings came to a close with Arati and distribution of Prasad.

To commemorate the birthday anniversary a pamphlet on the Life of the Swami Vivekananda was published. It contains an introduction from Swami Shatvananda of the Madras Math and also five small half-tone portraits and is priced at six annas per copy. It can be had from Mr. M. S. Natesan, the Secretary of the Society.

AT CONJEEVERAM.

The people of Conjeeveram celebrated the birthday of Sri Swamiji in the Hindu Girls' School,

Rajah Street. In the morning there was Puja, Bhajana, and feeding of the poor.

In the evening a public meeting consisting both of ladies and gentlemen was held, in which there were essay competitions, and recitations in Sanskrit and English, and prizes were awarded to the best essay and reciters. Mr. M. Venkatesa Aiyar, B. A. then spoke on 'Religion and its influence in the building up of a nation.' The Secretary, S. J. M. Ramachandraw, read the report and appealed to the public for aid towards the building fund of the "Vivekananda Ashrama," for which purpose a site had been purchased. The whole proceedings were conducted under the presidency of Swami Sachidananda Indra Saraswati of Sri Upanishad Brahma Muth, and terminated with Mangalarati.

AT THE MURSHIDABAD, ORPHANAGE.

On the Janmatithi day special Puja, Homa, and Arati were performed and the boys of the Ashrama school were sumptuously fed with Prasad. On the public celebration day great religious enthusiasm prevailed. Several hundreds of the poor Narayanas were entertained to a hearty feast. A band of college students from the Ramakrishna Vivekananda Association of Berhampur came and took part in serving the poor. The success of the whole ceremony was due to the untiring labour of the Swami Akhandananda and the boys and teachers of the Orphanage.

AT SALKHIA, HOWRAH.

The Ramakrishna Ananthbandhu Samiti celebrated its tenth anniversary by commemorating the Birthday ceremony of Srimat Swami Vivekananda. In the morning special Puja of Sri Ramakrishna was performed. Sankirtan parties enlivened the occasion from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. and Prasad was served to the poor from 12 to 6 p. m. The Sannyasin members of the Belur Math joined to make the celebration a success.

AT BARISAL.

The Ramakrishna Mission of Barisal celebrated the Janmotsava with great enthusiasm. In the morning Sjt. Soshi Bhusan Chatterjee, M. A. of the B. M. College read the Kathopanishad. At 9 a. m. fruits and sweets were served to the inmates of the local hospital, numbering thirty-one, under the kind supervision of the doctor in charge, Babu Ashutosh Dutta. From 10 to 12 a. m. one seer of rice was distributed to each of the beggars to the number of 200, besides giving pice in addition, to the blind, the lame and the distressed.

A meeting was convened in the hall of the Dharmarakshini Sabha at half-past two. Sjt. Jagadish Mukherjee, B. A., Head Master of the B. M. Institution read and explained the Gita. Sjt. Jitendralal Chatterjee read an impressive essay on the Swami Vivekananda and Babu Nilaran Ch. Das Gupta, M. A., Govt. pleader, and Babu Ganesh

Ch. Das Gupta, M. A., B. L. spoke on Swamiji, as well. The proceedings lasted till 6-30 p. m. after which the members and admirers gathered in the Mission room and joined in the Sankirtan which continued till night. With the distribution of Prasad to the assembled gentlemen the ceremony was brought to a close. Leaflets containing songs especially composed for the occasion, and also those bearing the choice sayings of the Swami were freely distributed.

AT VINIAMBODY.

The 51st birthday anniversary of Sri Swami Vivekananda was celebrated on the 28th Feb. in the Swami Vivekananda Sankam, High Road, Pudur. The programme observed was as follows:—Pooja and Bhajana procession from 6 to 10 a. m. Feeding the poor from 12 to 2 p. m. Lecture on "Swamiji's Vedanta Avathar" from 5 to 7 p. m. Then Mangalarati and distribution of Prasad.

AT THE MATH.

The Vivekananda Society, as usual celebrated the birthday anniversary of the Great Master by holding a meeting on the 9th Feb. in the Math, Belur, at 3 p. m. The big portrait of Swami Vivekananda as the Wandering Monk was tastefully decorated by the students. Swami Saradananda kindly presided. After music a report of last year's work was read by Dr. J. N. Ghoshal. The report showed the following important works done by the Society: (1) Formation of a regular weekly class, where the Upanishads and the Works of the Swami Vivekananda are read. (2) The establishment of an institution for the training and education of Hindu girls and widows according to Hindu ideals, known as the Saradeswa Ashrama. It is wholly managed by orthodox Hindu ladies under the care and control of Srimati Gourimata, a lady disciple of Sri Ramakrishna. (3) The starting of the Sister Nivedita Memorial Fund. Besides these, the Society had celebrated public the last anniversary of Buddha.

After two songs were sung with the accompaniment of an Harmonium and *Pakhavaj*, there were recitations from the "Parivrajaka," "The Song of the Sannyasin," and from a poem called "The Guru Puja." An excellent paper was read by Mr. F. J. Alexander, which is reproduced elsewhere. An impressive paper in Bengali was also read by Sjt. Kiran Chandra Dutt. Some four to five hundred young men from Calcutta attended. There were *Mahabir Puja* and Ram Nam Kirtan after the meeting. The Puja was done by Swami Premananda Maharaj. After the distribution of Prasad the gathering dispersed at about 6-30 p. m.

AT RANGOON.

The Janmatithi of the Swami Vivekananda was observed by the Ramakrishna Society on the 28th January 1913, with great solemnity and much devotion. The members gathered at the premises of the

Hindu Social Club early in the morning where the Swamiji was worshipped in the image. In the evening Mr. Ranganatham entertained the audience with select melodious hymns of the four great Saivite apostles of South India, which captured the hearts of all. At 10 p. m. Arati was performed and Prasad distributed.

The public celebration took place on the 2nd February, with great eclat and enthusiasm in the premises of the Hindu Social Club. Representatives of all Hindu communities were present, and the Madrasses, the Bengalees and the Gujratoes joined and vied with one another to honour the patriot-saint of India. From early morning till late in the evening the main hall of the club was thronged with spectators. Photos and paintings of the Swamiji and his Gurubhais adorned the walls of the hall, while decorations with ferns excelled those of the previous year. Puja, prayer, and Bhajana to the accompaniment of the musical instruments were the principal feature of the morning service. Alms were distributed to the poor and the indigent.

The programme for the evening commenced with a meeting with Srijut Satya Charan Ganguli, B. A., in the chair. The first annual report of the Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon, was read. It mainly dealt with the work which the Society strove to do with a certain amount of success in different ways, viz. mass education, contribution to the Swami's Memorial Temple fund, study of the philosophic literature, etc. Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., read a thoughtful and interesting paper on the "Mission of the Swami Vivekananda." Mr. Siva Annameti Mudliar made a few valuable remarks on Universal Love upon which the whole structure of Vedanta is built. He laid great stress on the famous Biblical dictum 'Love thy neighbour as thyself,' which he said, the Swamiji preached and practised. The President, then in a few well-chosen words exhorted the different communities present to always unite to honour the great champion of the Vedic religion of the modern day. The proceedings terminated with Arati and distribution of sweets. A leaflet of the life-sketch of the Swamiji was also distributed.

AT MANIPAL VIVEKANANDA SOCIETY.

Swami Vivekananda's birthday anniversary was observed by inaugurating an arrangement to render help to the suffering poor. A number of tickets were issued to medical practitioners in the villages entitling those who were ill, to free gifts of rice at the Society's hall.

AT OTHER CENTRES.

The Birthday anniversary celebration was also duly observed at the Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, and at the various other Centres of the Belur Math and in numerous Vivekananda Societies in India and abroad.

THE MISSION OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

[An extract from a paper read by Dr. T. S. S. Rajan, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., on 2nd February 1913, on the occasion of the Swami's 51st birthday celebrated by the Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon.]

I try to look back through the mists of years into the full life and ever-to-be-revered memory of the Swami Vivekananda; no longer can I appeal to those personal recollections in which we all could share, but in place thereof is an influence, a resurrection, and my outlook becomes essentially perspective.

Swami Vivekananda's influence is permeating the avenues of time, and the only gratitude we can show to that great soul is the annual commemoration, to celebrate which we have assembled here to-day.

The history of our times is abounding in stirring events of a most wonderful character. The rapid advancement of science has unveiled the wonderful treasures of knowledge hidden deeply in nature's bosom. Persistent observation and the studious efforts of man have crowned his untiring zeal with a success unparalleled in all past history. The development of machinery, the discovery of the powers of steam and petrol and the consequent advance in the oceanic and aerial navigation, the invention of the telephone, telegraph and the manifold manifestations of electrical and radio activity are all but a few of the outstanding landmarks of the century's history. With such glorious unravelling of Nature's secrets one would have thought that humanity would have progressed and attained to a better level of existence than it ever was in the centuries past. But comparative history has it exactly the other way. Man has not simultaneously advanced both in his moral and spiritual attainments. In the West the roar of looms, the smoke of factories, and the wear and whirl of life have smothered the natural development of man's subtle qualities. The genius and intellect of the nation have been spent upon the creation of perfect machinery, both for the purpose of production and destruction; but the artistic nature is nearly dead and gone. Look at the streets of all European Capitals; how tinselly monotonous they are, lacking in all that is essential but burdened with all that is superfluous. What of religion? You find it on everybody's lips only to be contradicted in every act. People are trained in the tenets of a religion, which they do not want to believe, for they see them flatly ignored in all relations of life. Men think it prudent to conceal under the mask of piety the atheism which they are not bold enough to avow. Their ways of life are as conventional as

their creed. Men have unconsciously become chronic hypocrites. Besides, mere lip-worship of an important ideal has deprived them of things spiritual and they have devoted themselves to mere material speculations. The soul of the nations has retrogressed while the growth of materialism has become abnormally rapid. The passionate zeal for the mastery of all forces of nature, wealth, intelligence, and power has become the dominant factor in society; but not even the barest attempt has been made to Christianise the Institutions. Speaking of Western polity a famous English writer remarks,—“It purports to represent a super-human ideal; in reality it does not represent even one that is human. It is of the earth, earthy; while from heaven far above, cries, like a ghost's, the voice of the Nazarene, as pure, as clear, as ineffectual, as when first it flung from the shores of Galilee its challenge to the world-sustaining power of Rome.” And the new world—the world of Columbus—has fared no better than Europe. If materialism had made tremendous strides in the old world, it has been simply galloping in its mad onrush in the new. Such has been, and is the civilisation in the West when the Swami was dreaming his life's dream as the young Noren in the presence of his counterpart and his Master Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

While things stood like this in the West, the East was fast sinking into insignificance. India, once the home of all that was great and pure, the Mother of the two of the great Religions of the World, the forerunner of all known civilisations, where is she! What is her children's place in the comity of Nations? Evil in the shape of poverty, premature death, disease, economic and social servitude combined with ignorance form the sum total of the pain and agony under which our poor motherland is groaning. How few are there who will try to combat these evils! During the last eight or nine centuries India has ever been the forlorn child of misfortune, the victim of all calamities that ever visited humanity on its weary march through the ages. The springs of spirituality are drying up, and all life is dying out of the nation.

Think of our young men. How they are losing their manhood under the natural environments! Read the letter which the Swami Vivekananda wrote from Japan contrasting the progress of that country with our dormant state. How true and how sincere are those words! The culture of the heart amongst us has been neglected. Our moral and spiritual standards are giving place to intellectual and material culture for gain. Many of the vices of alien civilisation have been spreading rapidly all over the country. Such is our condition.

The world was drowned in misery; the wail of the poor, the heart-rending cries of the victims of

social tyranny, the sounds of agony of the dying millions reached the Throne of God. The world, both East and West, sadly wanted a Saviour and it had one in the person of the Swami Vivekananda. He came, lived his short life as all Great Saviours have done and has bequeathed to the world a vigour and energy which shall stand the test of time. The seeds of life have been sown far and wide and the tender plants are shooting out in plenty all over the world. From Chicago and San Francisco on the shores of the Pacific, to New York on the Atlantic, the sprouts have taken a deep root. From the snowy peaks of the Himalayas to the red sands of the Kannayakumari; from the sandy deserts of far-off Sindh to the many-mouthed deltas of the Irrawaddy, has his work spread. Even imperial London has not escaped the Swami's influence; perhaps his field of work was not quite so far and wide in that Metropolis of the world; but know this, that it has given a Sister Nivedita to us, and we all know what her soul stood for and worked for. Even the Colonies have paid their respect to that conquering hero, and to-day many noble souls in Australia, Canada and South Africa have become ardent students of his sacred life and work. Swami Vivekananda lived only for thirty-nine years, but what of that? Does not the vigour of his spirit multiply itself in geometrical progression? Christ lived for thirty-two years, they say, and left a dozen disciples; and two thousand years thence half the world owes him allegiance. The great Sankaracharya died while quite young and yet how many millions of our countrymen pay homage to him! Lives of great men are not counted by months and years, but by the magnitude of work done and the quantity of the spirit infused. Like a Magician's wand their words rouse the dead and dying nations into a wonderful living activity, and immorality and vice fly before them. They make an epoch and but for these the World could not exist. Swami Vivekananda developed an entire epoch, nay,

I may say, a whole world for himself and others. His prophetic vision enabled him to see through the affairs of men. He saw his own motherland deteriorating with her three hundred millions of gentle, loving and pious people, with all her wealth of tradition and with her ancient and unapproached grandeur in domains of thought and speculation. He asked himself the question—“Has this ancient race no great purpose to serve? Then why is it not yet swept off the earth and buried like those Babylonians, and Phoenicians of ancient times? Why should the children of India live unknown, unhonoured and even dishonoured? He felt that the hand of Providence is still over us protecting us for a great purpose, that we are still spared so that we might yet contribute something to the upliftment of the other races, that we

have still some fine notes to sing for the inspiration and enlightenment of humanity. In ready response to these thoughts his clarion voice urged his sleeping countrymen to arise and to awake and stop not till the goal is reached. The whole World listened to his song and listened to him wonderingly, admiringly and reverently.

The unknown Sadhu, the strange yellow-robed Sannyasin who was tramping the streets of Hindusthan, shot into the arena of the Parliament of Religions like a meteor and dazzled the representatives of world-religions and the anxious aspirants assembled there. The Chicago Parishad ostensibly held to prove the superiority of the Christian faith ended by ushering in the glorious Religion of the Vedas. Christianity as a world's Religion had failed to answer the great problems of life, bearing on the inequality between man and man. The inquiring genius was not able to find a logical answer to the manifold problems of matter and soul. The rapid advancement of science disillusionised many of the pet doctrines of Christian theology. Such words like "I and My Father are one," and "Love thy neighbour as thyself," though true and realised by that great Prophet could not be logically explained by Christian exponents. It required the philosophy of the Vedanta to unravel the mystery and the Indian Sannyasin carried the meaning and the message across the "Kala-pani" to the new world. His mission was the mission of unity. His powerful diction, his clear knowledge of the Vedanta, his lucid and yet simple way of expression have brought home to the people of the West the profound truths which he had to give them. Some have criticised the Swami's mission abroad as amounting to neglect of his own countrymen. But anyone who knows of the strong and deep-rooted patriotism in his heart will think twice before he lays the blame on his lack of sympathy for his countrymen. We always judge men by our own ideals and never by theirs. If our neighbour's act does not co-ordinate with our cherished views we are apt to judge unkindly of him. Most of us will admit that the Swami had a bigger and greater ideal before him than many of those that sit in judgment over his acts. He loved not only his countrymen, but loved all humanity, and it could not be otherwise with him who had realised the Spirit. His love for mankind was universal, pure and unfettered by worldly considerations. As is often said, the first sign of religious revival and growth is expansion—expansion beyond the narrow outlines of orthodoxy and provincialism. Besides, it was the West that found out the real man in that towering personality whom the world has come to know as Swami Vivekananda. Before he appeared on the stage at Chicago, he had wandered far and wide in his own motherland; but how many of us

then knew and appreciated what was in him? It was left to the Parliament of Religions to announce to the world the advent of the great soul amidst us. By his own example and his disinterested work in foreign lands he has shown that Vedanta is above all colour, race or religion.

(To be continued).

TO THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

O Sun Celestial arising in the East
Thou shed'st the Ancient Light far to the West!
Thy saintly life knew not a moment's rest.
By Duty's Call thou wert divinely pleased.
And those approaching thee with doubting seized
Were inspired with boldness and Vedanta free.
Thou strengthened them Nirvana-wards to flee
And didst heal others with binding Karma teased.
Well-armed wert thou, O Siddha, for the strife
With Kama-Kanchana's subtle sporting rife.
Glorious and meteor-like thy earthly life,
Man-making Dharma thou didst preach to all.
Heeding thee, one heeds the Nation's Call;
Following thee, one ne'er can know a fall.

N. Subramanian, B. A.

ELECTRIC RADIATION:

A LECTURE BY PROF. J. C. BOSE, C. S. I.

A crowded assembly met at the University Hall, Lahore, on the 22nd Feb. to hear the first of Professor Bose's discourses before the University of Lahore.

Dr. Bose opened his address by alluding to the historic journey of Jivaka, who afterwards became the Physician of Buddha, making his way from Bengal to the University of Taxila, in quest of knowledge. Twenty-five centuries had gone by and there was before them another pilgrim who had journeyed the same distance to bring, as an offering, what he had gathered in the domain of knowledge.

The lecturer called attention to the fact that knowledge was never the exclusive possession of any particular race, nor did it ever recognise geographical limitations. The whole world was interdependent, and a constant interchange of thought had been carried on throughout the ages, enriching the common heritage of mankind. Hellenistic Greeks and Eastern Aryans had met here in Taxila to exchange the best each had to offer. After many centuries the East and West had met once more, and it would be the test of the real

greatness of the two civilisations that both should be finer and better for the shock of contact. The apparent dormancy of intellectual life in India had been only a temporary phase. Just like the oscillations of the seasons round the globe, great pulsations of intellectual activity pass over the different peoples of the earth. With the coming of the spring the dormant life springs forth; similarly, the life that India conserves, by inheritance, culture and temperament, was only latent and was again ready to spring forth into the blossom and fruit of knowledge. Although science was neither of the East nor of the West but international in its universality, certain aspects of it gained richness of colour by reason of their place of origin. India, perhaps through its habit of synthesis, was apt to realise instinctively the idea of unity and to see in the phenomenal world an universe instead of a multiverse. It was this tendency, the lecturer thought, which had led an Indian physicist like himself when studying the effect of forces on matter to find boundary lines vanishing, and to see points of contact emerge between the realms of the living and non-living.

ELECTRIC WAVES.

In taking up the subject of the evening's discourse on electric radiation of Hertzian waves, the lecturer explained the constitution of the apparatus which he had devised for an exhaustive study of the properties of electric waves. His apparatus permitted experiments with the electric rays to be carried on with as much certainty as experiments with ordinary light, and he demonstrated the identity of electric radiation and light. The electric rays are reflected from plain and curved mirrors in the same way and subject to the same laws. Electric rays, like rays of light are refracted. Like rays of light too, electric waves can be selectively stopped by various substances, which are "electrically" coloured. Water, which is a conductor of electricity, stops the electric ray; whereas liquid air which is a non-conductor is quite transparent to the rays. Finally, Professor Bose explained his discovery of polarisation of those rays by various crystals. Tourmaline was a good polariser for ordinary light and the lecturer discovered that the crystal Nematite possessed the power of polarising the electric rays in the most perfect manner. Professor Bose also

explained how the internal constitution of an opaque mass was revealed by the help of light which was itself invisible.

LIMITATIONS OF HUMAN PERCEPTION.

The lecturer concluded his discourse by drawing attention to the limitations of human perception. Man's power of hearing was confined to eleven octaves of sound-notes. In the case of vision the limitation was far more serious, his power of sight extending only through a single octave of those ether waves which constituted light. These ether vibrations of various frequencies could be maintained by electrical means. By pressing the stop-button of the apparatus which was exhibited, ether vibrations, 50,000 millions per second, were produced. A second stop gave rise to a different vibration. Let the readers imagine a large electric organ provided with an infinite number of stops, each stop giving rise to a particular ether note. Let the lowest stop produce one vibration a second. They should then get a gigantic wave 136,000 miles long. Let the next stop give rise to two vibrations in a second, and let each succeeding stop produce higher and higher notes. Let them imagine an unseen hand pressing the different stops in rapid succession, producing higher and higher notes. The ether note would thus rise in frequency from one vibration in a second, to tens, to hundreds, to thousands, to hundreds of thousands, to millions, to millions of millions! While the ethereal sea in which they were all immersed were being thus agitated by these multitudinous waves, they would remain entirely unaffected, for they possessed no organs of perception to respond to these waves. As the ether note rose still higher in pitch, they would for a brief moment perceive a sensation of warmth. This would be the case when the ether vibration reached a frequency of several billions of times in a second. As the note rose still higher, their eyes would begin to be affected, a red glimmer of light being the first to make its appearance. From this point the few visible colours would be comprised within a single octave of vibration from 400 to 800 billions in one second. As the frequency of vibration rose still higher their organs of perception would fail them completely; a great gap in their consciousness would obliterate the rest. The brief flash of light would be succeeded by unbroken

darkness. How circumscribed was their knowledge! In reality they stood in the midst of a luminous ocean almost blind! The little they could see was as nothing compared to the vastness of that which they could not. But it may be said that, out of the very imperfection of his senses, man has been able, in science, to build for himself a raft of thought, by which to make daring adventure on the great seas of the unknown.

THE VIVEKANANDA MEMORIAL TEMPLE FUND

We present below the list of donations received from our readers and friends in response to our appeal for funds, in the centennial year of the Swami Vivekananda's birth, for the completion of his Memorial Temple that is under construction in the grounds of the Ramakrishna Math, Belur. It will be noticed that besides Rs. 189-0-0 contributed by the Prabuddha Bharata Office, Advaita Ashrama and its members, we collected from the public Rs. 287-4-0 up to February 1913; and that the amount Rs. 637-15-0 was sent direct to the Swami Brahmananda, President, Belur Math, up to the end of December 1912, thus making the total of Rs. 1134-3-0.

While cordially thanking our *Patrons* who fulfilled their vow of giving one-fiftieth of their earnings during the year, or whatever they could spare for the purpose, we are surprised to find how very few have responded to our appeal by contributing their mite in grateful memory of one who sacrificed his life in their service and did so much to raise them. However, there is no cause for despair. As followers and disciples of our great Master we should not give up our cherished scheme till its object is achieved. We have therefore decided to keep this fund open in order to give an opportunity to those who may wish to contribute voluntarily towards it.

Further contributions may be sent either to the undersigned, or to Swami Brahmananda, President, The Math, Belur, Dt. Howrah, and will be duly acknowledged in this paper.

DONATIONS TO THE V. M. TEMPLE.

Through the Prabuddha Bharata Office:--
Up to February 1913

	Rs.	As.	P.
Mrs. H. S. Wollberg, San Francisco ...	76	10	0
Dr. P. Venkatarangam, Bangalore ...	50	0	0
Mr. Gerald Nobel, Paris ...	35	0	0
" D. K. Natu, Malvan ...	28	0	0
" Krishna Ch. Sen Gupta, Cuttack ...	18	1	0
" Radha Raman Sen, Gorakpur ...	16	0	0
" Gopal Nair, Maymyo ...	15	0	0

Mr. Ramnath, Delhi	10	0	0
" Naraindas Rattanmal Malkani, M. A.	10	0	0
" K. G. Narasingha Iyer, Tumkur ...	6	12	0
" P. Govindhan ...	5	8	0
" J. C. Varadarayulu, Rangoon ...	5	0	0
" V. Kanaran ...	3	0	0
" Ramakrishna N. Kolbag, Bombay	2	0	0
" N. Ghosal ...	1	6	0
" Kanary Vaidiar ...	1	0	0
" Mundayah Karathan ...	1	0	0
" K. C. Sanyal ...	1	0	0
" Sripad M. Kalambikar ...	1	0	0
" Kanaran ...	0	8	0
" Puthukey Kotay ...	0	7	0

The Prabuddha Bharata Office	111	0	0
The Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati	33	0	0
" Mother" ...	40	0	0
A Disciple, Mayavati	5	0	0

Total Rs. 476 4 0

Through the Ramakrishna Math, Belur,
up to 31st December 1912

The Ramakrishna Society, Rangoon, through Mr. S. Ramaswami Iyer, Secy.	162	0	0
Mr. H. N. Anderson, Dunedin, N. Z.	75	0	0
The Vedanta Box, No. 305, New Zealand	59	2	0
Mr. Behari Lal Ram, Calcutta ...	50	0	0
" Radha Raman Nandy, Janipur ...	50	0	0
" Haricharan Dass Dutta, Jullunder	39	10	0
" V. K. S. Ayer ...	35	7	0
" Amrita Lal Mukherji, Kushiia ...	25	0	0
Sri. Hemangini Devi, Janipur ...	10	0	0
Mr. Ratikanta Biswas, do. ...	10	0	0
" T. Kambiram Menon, Badagara ...	10	0	0
" T. Kumbhirama Menon, do. ...	10	0	0
" Dattatraya Balakrishna Kelelkar, Belgaum ...	10	0	0
" Satkari Bannerjee ...	7	0	0
" I. T. Munsukhani, Bankipur ...	6	0	0
" M. Srinivasan, Madras ...	5	0	0
" T. Venkatesam, Ramchandrapur ...	5	0	0
" Abani Kanta Bannerjee, Rangoon	5	0	0
" C. Krishnen, Nandalur ...	5	0	0
" K. V. Kubal, Panchgari ...	5	0	0
" Balaram Roy, Kushiia ...	4	0	0
Mother of Mr. Sukhdoyal Sahai, Srinagar	4	0	0
Mr. Satkari Mukherjee, Mullickpur ...	4	0	0
" Hanshetti and Panada ...	4	0	0
" P. A. Subramania Ayer ...	3	0	0
" D. Gelram ...	2	8	0
" M. Laxman Narhi Joshi, Ahmednagar	2	0	0
A devotee ...	0	4	0

Total Rs. 607 15 0

Grand Total Rs. 1084 3 0

Swami Virajananda,
President, Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

SEVERAL Villas, which can be turned round by hand to face in any direction desired, have recently been built at Munich.

THE wealth of London can be inferred from the fact that the income of its charitable institutions alone is estimated at £8,219,011 for 1911-12.

SWAMI Bodhananda has assumed charge of the Vedanta Society of New York and is holding classes and giving lectures at the Society House, 135 West 80th Street.

At the Vedanta Society of San Francisco Swami Trigunatitananda and Swami Prakashananda are carrying out the following active programme : Three meetings every Sunday ; Lectures on the Gita and the Vedas on Monday and Thursday, and a Meditation Class every morning at ten.

A PIECE of vacant land worth Rs. 300 has been presented to the Natrampally branch of the Vivekananda Society attached to the Ramakrishna Math of Vaniyambady, by Mr. R. Chinnagoomder & Brothers to erect a Math thereon at a cost of Rs. 2000 to be raised by public subscription.

Few people know that the so-called light emitted by the Indian fire-fly, or glow-worm, possesses exactly the same powers as the famous Röntgen X-rays. Such, however, is the fact, according to a scientific journal, which states that they can penetrate a half inch board for optical purposes, though, of course, invisible to the human eye, and obvious only in the case of photographs.

PROFESSOR J. C. Bose has offered the whole amount of his honorarium, Rs. 1,200, for his University lectures delivered at Lahore as a gift to the University for the promoting of research work in the Punjab. He has suggested that a research scholarship of a hundred rupees a month be given to a deserving student for one year. The Syndicate of the University has accepted the gift.

WANTED a *qualified medical man* to take charge of our Mayavati Charitable Dispensary. One desirous to lead a retired spiritual life, but willing to do a little professional work freely for the good of his fellowmen will be welcome.

Apply for particulars to
The Editor of this paper.

ACCORDING to figures produced at the meeting of the commission to investigate the marriage and divorce laws, 1,850,000 divorces have been granted in the United States during the past forty years. Five million husbands, wives, and children were concerned in these proceedings. During the past year there were 100,000 divorces in America, and 70,000 children were deprived of one or both parents.

BONES of a human giant have been discovered at Ellensburg, North-West Canada. The size of the thigh and other bones indicate a man at least eight feet high, and from his massive structure he must have weighed over twenty stone. The massive size and enormous brain space of the skull mark it out from other prehistoric finds as possessing high intelligence, and it must have belonged, says Mr. I. L. Shary, to a prehistoric race of people who inhabited this part of America some time prior to the Indian control.

In an article about "pets" the 'Indian Field' gives preference to the tiger over the leopard and says: "The tiger responds far more readily to good handling; he is playful, good-tempered and often reveals none of the ferocity of his kind even late in life. Many people have kept young tigers till they were six or nine months old and found them quite harmless and well-behaved.....The late ex-King of Oudh had among his fighting tigers a few which were perfectly tame and reliable even when full grown."

THE following curious law was passed in the reign of Richard I, for the Government of those going by sea to the Holy Land:—"He who kills a man on shipboard shall be bound to the dead body and thrown into the sea; if the man is killed on shore the slayer shall be bound to the dead body and buried with it. He who shall draw his knife to strike another or who shall have drawn blood from him, to lose his hand; if he shall have only struck with the palm of his hand without drawing blood he shall be thrice ducked in the sea."

THE Ontario Government, through the Hydro-Electric Commission, has been extending an electric

power service to the rural districts for labour-saving purposes on the farms. Electric power is being applied during harvest time, to stacking, threshing, milking cows, churning butter, and the cooking of dinner and supper for the men employed. The commissioners state that they endeavor to provide equipment at the lowest possible rates, and are confident that farmers will be able to secure sufficient power to operate every department of the farm for a charge of \$ 20 a year.

A MEDICAL authority says :—Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia. Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people. Onions are a tonic for the nerves. Spinach has aperient qualities. Beetroot is fattening. Parsnips possess the same virtues as sarsaparilla. Apples, carrots, and nuts are excellent for sufferers from constipation. Celery contains sulphur, and helps to ward off rheumatism. It is also a nerve tonic. Dates are nourishing. The juice of grapes is laxative but the skin and seeds are dangerous. Bananas are beneficial to sufferers from chest complaint.

At a meeting held on 3rd February at the Sanskrit College, Calcutta, the Pundits under the presidency of Principal Mahamahopadhyaya Satis Chandra Vidyabhusan, conferred the title of "Bharati" on Miss Suzzane Karpeles, a young and distinguished French lady of considerable Sanskrit learning.

Miss Karpeles had her training in France under such illustrious professors as Sylvian Levi, Foucher and Finot. Her passion for Sanskrit literature and philosophy is remarkable. For the purpose of carrying her studies further into the fields of oriental learning she has now placed herself under the tuition of a distinguished Sanskrit Scholar selected for her by the Principal of the Sanskrit College.

A new fruit as a substitute for meat has been discovered by some agricultural experts. It grows on a tree called the Avocado, in Mexico. The fruit of the tree is pear-shaped, and it is composed of the substances which are to be found in meat. It contains about 20 per cent. of fat and many

other ingredients of great food value and it is said that one good-sized 'meat' pear is quite sufficient to make a meal for the average man. The natives of Mexico live almost entirely on the Avocado, and it is claimed that with a sufficient supply of the trees the world could do away with meat entirely. The reason why the fruit is so little known at present is because it is grown nowhere on a large scale; what few trees there are grow round the huts of the natives where they flourish with little care.

SWAMI Paramananda, head of the Vedanta Centre of Boston, returned to Boston on November 19th, after nearly six months of uninterrupted teaching in Europe. His first classes were held in Germany. He next went to Florence and gave some lectures on Vedanta, which awakened so much interest that he was urged to make his headquarters there. At Gryon in Switzerland, a Peace Retreat has been established. An Italian Review publishes the following account of this period :

"The Swami Paramananda has just closed a four weeks' visit at Gryon. Every afternoon while there he gave a lecture. More than fifty people came to hear him. He has left behind him the impression of a man of profound knowledge in the domain which is peculiarly his own,—that of the soul. He impressed us above all by his great spirituality, by his deep realisation of that which transcends the human senses, of that which is beyond action, speech and human thought. In his spirituality he is a saint; in his knowledge, a scholar; in his humanity, a child. He possesses simplicity joined to great wisdom and overflowing kindness. One feels one's self in the presence of something which goes beyond ordinary comprehension and which one desires to possess or realise. India has sent us one of her best Masters; it rests with us to accept the message of the East and to extend a brotherly and grateful hand to this one who comes to us like a message of love."

On the first of September the Swami returned to Florence and on the fourteenth began a course of eight lectures given on successive Saturdays, with a Gita Class on Thursday. He also held a Children's Service every Sunday.

At the Boston Centre he is conducting the Service with a Lecture on Sunday morning at 11,

and the Tuesday Evening Yoga Class for the regular students, besides giving a special course of Talks on the Upanishads on Thursday afternoon at 4. The daily Vesper Service continues as usual.

The *Daily News* of London has the following from the mouth of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace :

"I have been meditating upon the condition of human progress, and I have taken a general survey of all history from those wonderful new discoveries in Egypt, going back seven thousand years, to the present day, and I have come to the general conclusion that there has been no advance, either in intellect or in morals, from the days of the earliest Egyptians and Syrians down to the keel-laying of the latest Dreadnought.

"Through all those thousands of years morals and intellect have been stationary. There has been of course, an immense accumulation of knowledge, but for all that we are no cleverer than the ancients. If Newton and Darwin had been born in the times of the Egyptians they could not have done more than the Egyptians did. The builders of the Pyramids were every whit as good mathematicians as Newton. And the average of mankind will remain the same until natural selection steps in to raise it.

"Now, I have lived nearly a hundred years. During that time what can be said of our social environment? What progress has been made? In every detail of that 'progress' throughout all the great mercantile and manufacturing operations, there has been nothing but the most abominable vice going on—every kind of cruelty to the poor and to the children vying with the other; adulteration everywhere in every commodity, and lies everywhere.

"I declare that from top to bottom our whole social environment is rotten, full of vice, and everything that is bad; and until selection comes in and a thorough weeding-out takes place, the rottenness and the vice and the badness will continue!

"The most vital thing of all is to get rid of the horrible, grinding poverty which is stalking the country like a grizzly spectre. Is it not astounding that the richer a country is at one end the poorer it is at the other? We have had a year with an enormous trade boom; we are the richest

country in the world; and yet the bones of starvation are clanking and rattling among us....."

In the course of a lecture on "Plant Autographs," in the Presidency College, Calcutta, under the presidency of His Excellency the Governor of Bengal, and before a distinguished gathering of Europeans and Indians, Professor J. C. Bose said that the most sensitive organ for the perception of a stimulus was the human tongue. An average European could by his tongue detect an electrical current as feeble as six micro-amperes, a micro-amperes being a millionth part of a unit of electrical current. But he found that his Hindu pupils could detect a much feebler current, namely 15 micro-amperes. The plant when tested was found to be ten times more sensitive than a human being.

A scientific superstition existed regarding carbonic acid as being good for a plant. But Professor Bose's experiments showed distinctly that the gas would suffocate the plant as readily as it did the animal. Only in the presence of sunlight could the effect be modified by secondary reaction.

It was also with pride that the lecturer referred to the co-operation of his pupils and assistants, through whose help extensive works requiring ceaseless labour both by day and night, had been accomplished. Doubt had been cast on the capacity of Indian students in the field of Science. From his personal experience Professor Bose bore testimony to their special fitness in this respect. An intellectual hunger had been created by the spread of education. An Indian student demanded something absorbing to think about and to give vent to his latent energies. If this could be done he would betake himself ardently to research into Nature which could never end.

Before concluding, the lecturer dwelt on the fact that all the varied and complex responses of the animal had been foreshadowed in the plant. The phenomena of life in the plant were thus not so remote as had been hitherto supposed. The plant-world like the animal was athrill and athrob with responsiveness to all the stimuli which fell upon it. Thus community throughout the great ocean of life, in all its different forms, outweighed apparent dissimilarity. Diversity was swallowed up in unity.

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

Awakened India



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Katha Upan. I. 10. 4.

Vol. XVIII, No. 209, DECEMBER, 1913.

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Katha Upan. I. iii. 4.

Arise! Awake! And stop not till the Goal is reached.

—Sri Sri Vivekananda.

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Prabuddha Bharata

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत



प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Katha Upan. I. iii. 4

Arise! Awake! And stop not till the Goal is reached.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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UNPUBLISHED NOTES OF CLASS TALKS BY THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THOUGHTS ON THE VEDAS AND THE UPANISHADS

(Continued from page 201)

"They are groping in utter darkness who try to reach the Light by ceremonials. And they who think this nature is all are in darkness. They who wish to come out of this nature are groping in still deeper darkness."

Are then ceremonials bad? No, they will benefit those who are coming on.

In one of the Upanishads this question is asked by Nachiketas, a youth: "Some say of the dead, he is gone; others, he is still living. You are Yama, Death. You know the Truth; do answer me." Yama replies, "Even the Devas, many of them, know not—much less men. Boy, do not ask of me this answer." But Nachiketas persists. Yama again replies, "The enjoyments of the Gods, even these I offer you. Do not insist upon your query." But Nachiketas was firm as a rock. Then the god of Death said, "My boy, you have declined, for the third time, wealth, power, long life, fame, family. You are brave enough to ask the highest Truth. I will teach you. There are two ways, one of truth, one of enjoyment. You have chosen the former."

Now note here the conditions of imparting the Truth. First, the purity—a boy, a pure, unclouded soul, asking the secret of the uni-

verse. Second, that he must take Truth for Truth's sake alone.

Until the Truth has come through one who has had Realisation, from one who has perceived it himself, it cannot become fruitful. Books cannot give it, argument cannot establish it. He who knows the secret of Truth—"comes unto Him."

After you have received it be quiet, be not dropped down by vain argument. Come to your own realisation. You alone can do it.

Neither happiness nor misery, vice nor virtue, knowledge nor non-knowledge are it. You must realise it. How can I describe it to you?

He who cries out with his whole heart, "O Lord, I want but Thee," to him the Lord reveals Himself. Be pure, be calm; the mind when ruffled cannot reflect the Lord.

"He whom the Vedas declare, He whom we to reach serve with prayer and sacrifice, Om is the sacred name of that indescribable One." This word is the holiest of all words. He who knows the secret of this word he receives that which he desires. Take refuge in this word. Whoso takes refuge in this word, to him the way opens.—(Concluded).

OCCASIONAL NOTES

IN this month—on the twenty-fifth date—nineteen hundred and thirteen years ago was born one of the greatest of the Avatars, —Jesus the Christ, He whom His millions of followers, throughout the centuries, have called by the tender and yet highly significant Name—the Prince of Peace. And how appropriately! “For the Christ was all tenderness and radiant with Santi.

Those who are familiar with the narrative of Jesus will have seen in Him a very paragon amongst Sannyasins, a real Paramahansa. In Him one sees the Karma, Bhakti and Jnana Yogin combined. But standing out in relief—though few have accentuated this phase of the character of Jesus—one sees the solitary Yogin, merged in Samadhi, having made the desert or the mountain fastness His abode. How often do we not come across the passages in the Gospel that tell us that He had betaken Himself into the solitude, there to be at prayer with His disciples! And, indeed, until His thirtieth year one hears naught of Him. It is only as the Karma Yogin that He is seen in the historic perspective.

That great gap in His life when He is lost to the public view,—from His twelfth to His thirtieth year, and those other great gaps, glimpses of which the Gospels by the Apostles give us, how were they filled? The last vision of Him in His childhood is when in His twelfth year, filled with the same insight as a young Sankaracharya He is hearing and answering the discussion of the learned Jewish Pandits. All remember, who have read the Story, the Sadhu-like answer He gave unto His mother, the Blessed Virgin

Mary, who had come in search for Him at the time. Was it, then, that at the early age of twelve He who became known as Jesus the Christ renounced the world! Indeed!

How beautiful the legends that are told of His childhood, and about His birth everything is spiritually symbolic! And are there not many as yet unheralded tales of how He spent the last years of youth and the years of young manhood amongst the Essenian Therapeutæ of Judæa, amongst the Buddhists of Thibet and amongst the Indian Brahmanas! Certainly He was for a time a wanderer on the face of the earth; of that there can be no doubt.

This Yoga life of the great Master leads us to some important reflections, namely that the great Karma Yogins, whose teachings influence the spiritual thoughts of great masses of mankind and whose deeds are embodied in Gospels and Religious Epics are primarily seekers of the solitude and silence. Their public careers are only an *aspect*, and comparatively a *relative* aspect of their mighty personalities. Sri Krishna practising *tapasya* for years, Sri Ramachandra secluded in His forest-hermitage, Buddha sitting in meditation for six years under a lonely Bo-tree determined to gain illumination or die, and Jesus the Christ spending most of His life in solitude and forgotten-ness,—before appearing in their public “Leelas,” have a profound message for all of us, namely that *sadhana*, meditation and self-realisation are of paramount importance to reach perfection, to evolve the perfect type of manhood.

It is easy to understand, in this light, why

the Swami Vivekananda glorified Man-making and held everything as subordinate thereunto. And coming to our own time, we find that Mahapurushas like He, like His own Gurudeva, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, and like the Swami Dayananda Sarasvati, spent the greater portion of their lives as silent Paramahansas, even as the Rishis of old. In that lay all the power of their later life of Karma. And even in the midst of their public teaching we find in repeated instances the longing for, and abiding in the Silence.

Work is useful; it is imperative. But the work must not *bind down* the worker. He should be free to step aside and close the doors behind him; for greater than his work is the worker himself. This should not be forgotten. For the true Sannyasin, work is a sacrifice, because for the time being the trials, responsibilities and annoyances and oftentimes, indeed, opposition and misrepresentation distract the mind to too great an extent and make him sigh for the joy of pure meditation free from all turmoil. It is not that the Sannyasin should not work; but let there be peace, as well. The all-sided Yogin should perform Seva, it is true, but let him not forget the Shiva spirit and ideal and divert the spiritual energy into a too objective channel. Let him not be bound down by work. Let him work like a master and not as a slave with no hope of freedom from it

And let us not forget that work is manifold and that, indeed, the very highest form of work is the *sadhana* that leads to Self-realisation. Do we not recall the words of the Swami Vivekananda that tell us of the incomparable power of work of those Mahashis who never come out before the world to preach and who pass their life sitting in caves, far removed from the haunts of man, but from whose illuminated mind some great thought

proceeds, touches the whole mind of human-kind. That thought pierces through the adamantine walls and reaches out beyond the forest, the seas and all the intervening space until verily it penetrates the three worlds! This is not only true in a spiritual sense; it is scientifically, it is psychologically true, as well.

Work incessantly, but let us not forget what Jesus the Christ said unto Mary, His devotee, "Peace be unto thee! Thou hast chosen the better part." Let the Work be carried on, but let the workers come and go like glimpses of the sunlight amidst the clouds of trouble with which work is often burdened. Having performed their self-appointed tasks, let them move on to the spheres of that personal endeavour that shall lead finally unto the Beatific Vision. Kaivalya Mukti or Supreme Freedom, and Realisation of the Absolute—these are the aims of each human soul that aspires unto the Divine. And even those who work for the Master offer unto him a better, purer sacrifice in a developed, self-realised character than in any mere work,

For, above all, work is but a preparatory step, a means to an end. When a disciple has performed work laboriously and sincerely forgetting even his own Mukti, the Call comes, the way opens up before him, and the Guru, the Lord, liberates him from all work and all duties. And beyond all Karma the Ideal soars into that Empyrean of things, that Ultimatum which is Brahman,—alike the True Nature of the Guru and the Shishya, The Ideal is to be one-d with That.

Om! Shantih! Shantih! Shantih!



ON SELF-COMMUNION.

THE highest demand that the Vedanta makes upon the individual is that he be Self-sufficient. This can be brought about only when there is a true self-consciousness. Life, as it is ordinarily lived, is a constant reminder of man's limitations; he feels himself dependent on circumstances and environment, and without the possession of that which individually his temperament desires he feels himself at sea, as it were, and regards the perspective, through which he sees the passing hour, as distorted. How many times do certain circumstances in which one finds oneself remind him of his impotency. So dependent are we on the external that, when our environment becomes suddenly shifted so as to be tedious to our temperament, we have the greatest difficulty in employing our time and realising any happiness. As has been frequently and justly said, "Man is indeed the victim of circumstance." But it is this very idea that the Vedanta declares must be obliterated if man is to come into the possession of a true and emancipated consciousness. To what little extent we are actually free is shown best by the manner in which we manifest our lack of self-communion. Thrown upon nothing but ourselves, is it not generally the case that we do not know how to occupy our mind? It flutters from one subject to another without any real concentration on anything. This shows our helplessness and our inability to commune with ourselves. If, however, we are really to realise our nature and become emancipated from circumstance and environment, it can be only when we have found that in ourselves lies our own world, and that it is within our own power to people that world with the richest possible contents.

The body is dependent on the external altogether; the mind, concerned with the body-consciousness, is likewise dependent on material things. Generally speaking, were the mind to be suddenly imprisoned, as it were, in that it were removed temporarily from all external contact, it would be as restless as a wild animal confined. Living in this jungle of the world it is difficult for the individual, when suddenly dissociated from it, to find himself at ease unless he creates a new world for himself. Many have wondered how the Parivrajakas or itinerant monks cut apart from all ordinary human associations; can employ their time. The reason is that they have learned the secret of self-communion. They stand in no need of companions because their own soul is to them at once the friend and companion. Their mind is a constant stream that flows unbrokenly towards ever higher realisations. The monk has discovered that the majority of facts in life are relatively unimportant, and so he has deliberately and successfully divorced himself from them and in their stead he has placed the objects of the spiritual meditation as things that matter. The continuity of thought is with him a permanent phenomenon of consciousness. His experience is inward, consisting in ever widening the fields of inner feeling and idea. His soul is constantly surcharged with those lofty emotions of which the Hindu says, "In themselves they are realisations." He is eternally the witness of the mind; unidentified with aught with which it temporarily identifies itself, he studies the flux of sense and thought as a physician might study a disease. He is determined to find employment in the inner, as distinguished from the outer, world. He treats his body as

if it were a lump of clay. If he bids it, "Sit in this place for three hours," it must obey his will as blindly and as obediently as some inorganic object which is subservient to the will of him who imposes changes in its nature.

It is attachment to outer things, the belief which has become instinct that without external associations and companions and without external possessions life is hopelessly insipid and fruitless, that is the root of all our bondage and ignorance. But if one analyses his relations with the outer order of experience he is certain to find that, unconsciously, or perhaps it would be better to say, intuitively, man labours for self-revelation. In discussing with others, it is really with one's self that one holds discourse. How evident this is! In any conversation, one may find that it is one's own ideas that the argument endeavours to intensify. It is difficult to discard our own thought-worlds; and it is for their support that in argument often the most cyclonic emotions hold sway. The time will surely come, however, when it will be seen, as plainly as any object may be seen by one who is not blind, that no one can really understand another; for behind the intellectual expression is the problem of individual temperament; and the river of emotion, in the case of each individual, flows in its own given direction and at its own given speed. Most of us try to convert others to our own opinions; but, fortunately for ourselves, in doing so, though perhaps unbeknown to ourselves, we are strengthening our own intellectual positions. Bearing this in mind, instead of fruitlessly spending time in arguing with others, one will learn how to maintain a wise silence and commune with himself.

The very highest spiritual realisations are based on the most casual of experiences. Self-communion may arise through an awareness, often bitterly attained, that finally true expression of what one feels or thinks is im-

possible, for the full content of the inner experience is always incommunicable. However we may try, we find that to embody a feeling or conviction in words, and to its fullest import, is out of the question. Realising this, the Sages have oftentimes remained strangely silent with reference to their inner experiences, knowing full well that to reveal them would be only to desecrate them, for whatsoever they might feel, howsoever sacred and luminous and true their inner experience might be to them, upon the ears of another they might sound queer, and unreal and discordant. By conserving the vitality of their inner experience through remaining silent concerning them, the Sages have worked more wonders through their silence than by their eloquence. And when they did speak it was out of the fulness of the heart, their words pouring in upon the minds of their devotees with sweeping and irresistible power.

To think with one's self, to speak with one's self, to hold converse with one's own inner nature is one of the rarest and most difficult of accomplishments. And yet, if the spiritual life is true, this must be attained. Man is born alone, dies alone, and for the most part lives alone, but unfortunately a studied ignorance of this prevents him from going directly to the best source for true experience and companionship,—namely, his own nature. It is only the body which is so restless and roams, like some hungry animal, for insatiate experience in the outer world. To remain steadfast in one position of thought, to strive rather than to talk, to feel rather than to express,—these should be the aims of the spiritual aspirant. If his aim be Self-realisation, or the Beatific Vision, how can he be possibly concerned with loud and vain argument and selfish and stultified assertion! The practice of silence is in itself a spiritual exercise, and the saints have inevitably found that it leads to a richer vision and a fuller

understanding of Him Who lives within the Silence, far apart from the tumultuous noise of life.

The individual must depend on himself. He must long to do so and make every effort in that direction. Much of the so-called religious intercourse is only so much religious gossip; it leads to nothing definite or permanent, nor is it prompted by any inquiry into the nature of personality or truth. The sages commune with each other through a noble and eloquent silence. The very space which they have made their abiding-place radiates and thrills with a peculiar spiritual consciousness. It was only when they learned how to commune with themselves that they arrived at such a state of magnetic insight. It is meditation which is the great power in producing self-communion. When by himself, let one reflect on the character of his experience, let him meditate on the nature of his personality and thus, through a vigorous self-analysis, he will learn the worth or lack of worth which he manifests as a human being. That is one form of self-communion. Another is, that he should endeavour to think consecutively and as continuously as possible upon noble ideals, so that, understanding why they are *what* they are, his nature would respond to their appeal as the iron filing to the magnet. Or, as another practice, let him ponder over the essential nature of personality, examining the wonders of sensation and thought, until led beyond their splendours he finds himself on the confines of a life, which though rooted in the sensation and the thought of mortal experience soars through a process of transfiguration far beyond their primitive forms. The world of feeling is infinitely vaster than the world of form. Concerned with the expansion and the spiritualising of his emotional self, let each individual find his happiness in the increased peace and vision that such a spiritualising and expansion of personality entails.

Seated by the riverside, or in some secluded mountainous retreat, or even amidst the very haunts of men, he who communes with his own nature shall find an endless variety of interesting experience. For it is in the response, rather than in the stimulus that the world exists. Experience is pouring in equally upon each person as some mighty and unit torrent; it is in the response to experience that variety of personality and variety of phenomena are produced. So it lies within our own power to intensify our powers of response, so that where others see only the commonplace, we shall be empowered to see the divine. Where others are concerned with mortal associations we may commune with immortal and super-physical realities. Self-communion is possible in exact ratio to a knowledge of the innate freedom of human nature, it is in ratio to a knowledge that for his real satisfaction no man is dependent on another, and above all, not dependent on things. Empowered with a true self-consciousness, each individual shall arise a Titan in his own world, making his own world in turn a very Paradise in this mortal experience. If the proverb is true that God helps those who help themselves, it is equally true that the Spirit reveals Itself to him who has learned the secret of self-communion, for the real self is the Spirit; and in all men that Self, that Spirit is one. So that, indeed, when one truly communes with himself, he communes with all that is real in the entire universe. He is made one with the very Vastness of Things.

The necessity of self-communion is paramount in the spiritual life. When one has renounced the worldly world, his own inner world of aspiration and spiritual idea must substitute the former. His companions shall be his own great thoughts, and his happiness shall lie in their realisation. His own nature shall become to him as a thing apart,—that is, his mortal human nature; and he

shall learn that, divorced from outward circumstances and limitations, he is one with that which is Changeless even in the very midst of change. He will realise the unimportance of his physical personality, aye, realise even the relativeness of his mind, and discover that these are but as so many encasements of what he truly is,—the Spirit. Well do the Buddhist Scriptures say that if a man finds no righteous companion, let him wander alone, like a rhinoceros, not trembling at noises. Let him be like the wind not caught in a net. For all others, save he who has renounced, save he who has learned the art of self-communion, are caught in a net from which there is no extrication, save by complete detachment. Dependence is the greatest evil. Self-dependence is the greatest virtue. It stands in direct relation to Self-knowledge. For this reason, likewise, he who would lead the spiritual life must make his own mind the companion of his soul. He must not disturb his peace by vociferous and violent argumentation. That which he has heard and which he deems true, upon that let him ponder in the quiet, until understanding arises in his mind like some great light. All great things are done in the quiet, all mighty truths realised in the silence. Therefore, have the Sages said, "Realisation and not talk!" That is why they have emphasised meditation. For that reason they have declared that only by one's perfected self can the goal be realised, for realisation is a process in vision and has nothing in common with the intellectualism or vain argument. And the spiritual vision is as direct and immediate and personal as is physical sight. For the development of this spiritual vision, individual effort is required. And even as knowledge can only be personally assimilated and never transmitted, in the ordinary sense of that term, so likewise all communion is personal and in the highest sense non-transmissible. And even from the point of view of intercourse with others—a

true intercourse can be had only when self-communion has been perfected. Out of the fulness of the heart, and not out of the fulness of the mouth should one speak.

The Sages were right; there is only one way,—that of Self-knowledge and of Self-communion. Indeed, another name for meditation itself is Self-communion. Let each one stand on his own feet, speaking morally and spiritually; let each one be a guide unto himself and in very truth also a companion unto himself. That is one of the greatest secrets of the spiritual life, the mastery of which leads assuredly even unto the very highest realisation.

—Mouni Baba.

GOD ALONE IS.

Seek not ! Strive not ! Be as dead !
 Dream not ! Hope not ! Death's o'erhead,
 Stop not the rush of things,
 Look to the dust of things,
 Swept on unresisting,
 Ne'er madly insisting,
 Be lifeless, thoughtless and dead.

GOD alone IS.

GOD alone IS.

Love not ! Hate not ! Be as naught !
 Pray not ! Curse not ! Life's distraught,
 Stem not the tide of life,
 Hail to the death of life,
 Desires ne'er dreaming,
 For Life's only seeming,
 Drop both name and form. Be naught

GOD alone IS

GOD alone IS.

IN THE HOURS OF MEDITATION

XXIX.

Hearing these words of the Guru in the hours of meditation day by day, I was made conscious of the real relation between Guru and disciple. An immovable, eternal realisation hath become mine; and in life or in death, near or apart, I know that a Great, Living Presence is always nigh, a Presence that is unconfined by Time or Space, a Presence that can know no separation. And to the Guru I cried out, the while a Great Light surrounded me:—

"Thou hast raised me up from darkness by Thy Grace. Thou hast taken me as I was—a mere nothingness—and hast made me what I am—a devotee who is conscious of infinite strength within him. From long since have I heard Thy Voice, and I listened as one intoxicated by some overwhelming music,—some music previously unheard. But my own response was noisy and effervescent; and I understood not that which I had heard. Before, the Light on Thy countenance was too august, and I did not behold Thee as Thou art. Thus, ignorantly and wantonly I did waste the treasures Thou didst so freely bestow; and lo, I have sinned as the vilest sinner even in Thy Very Presence, inflicted my iniquities upon the very Love and Blessings Thou didst show unto me. I was most unworthy of Thee. In my conceit, I forgot Thee and did place myself on the pedestal of a leader of men so that people might say of me, 'Lo, he is Great!' But now, O Lord, I have come to understand. With impure hands I defiled Thy teaching and desecrated Thy Presence. But Thy Mercies have been infinite; and Thy Love for me hath been inexpressible. Verily, Thine is the Divine nature. Even greater than is a mother's love for her own child, is Thy Love for Thy disciple. O Lord, Thou hast

scourged me with Thy Power until I am made whole, and moulded me as the potter moulds his clay into whatsoever shape he desires. Thy Mercy, Thy Patience, Thy sweetness are Infinite. I adore Thee! I adore Thee! I adore Thee! Let my hands, feet, tongue, eyes, ears—my entire body, let my mind, will, emotions—my whole personality, be offered as a holocaust and purified in the flames of my Devotion unto Thee. My good, my evil,—all that which I was, am or shall be ever, life upon repeated life—I consecrate to Thee. Thou alone art my God and Salvation! Thou art my own Higher Self! Let me possess nothing; let me have no other home than Thy Heart. Let my life be a radiance of purity now and forever.

"Hari Om Tat Sat!"

XXX.

And ever afterwards in the hours of meditation I felt a Living Presence within and about me; and filled with ecstasy I heard and repeated the great Mantram:

"Om! Thy very self am I ever and ever!

"Thine is the Strength Infinite!

"Arise! Awake and stop not till the Goal is reached!

"Thou art Brahman! Thou art Brahman!"

Om! Om! Om!

(Concluded).

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down

To rise upon some fairer shore;

And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown

They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread

Shall change beneath the summer showers,

To golden grain or mellowed fruit,

Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! An angel form

Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;

He bears our best loved things away;

And we then call them "dead."

And ever near us, though unseen,

The dear immortal spirits tread;

For all the boundless universe

Is life—there are no dead!

—John L McCreery, in *The Englishman*,

SANKARACHARYA.

[*A lecture delivered by the Swami Turiyanda in America.*]

"WHENEVER religion is abused and irreligion prevails, I manifest Myself. To save the righteous, to put down the evil-doers, and to establish religion again, I take birth in this world from age to age." These are the words we find in the Bhagavad-Gita, declared by Sri Krishna, the teacher of mankind, when explaining the laws of nature, and thereby freeing and making conscious of His true self to his disciple, Arjuna, in the battlefield of Kurukshetra, some five thousand years ago.

We have not heard them repeated by anybody since then, perhaps, in the same way, but we have seen their actual performance, their fulfilment in this world of ours, in different countries, whenever occasion demanded it from time to time. But nowhere do we mark it so vividly as in India, the cradle and motherland of all the religions of the world, so to speak.

When, long after Sri Krishna's time, there began to be perpetrated all sorts of iniquities and slaughter in the name of Vedic Religion in India, then and there we find the advent of Sakyamuni Gautama, the Buddha, thundering against the malpractices of the time with the authority of an Avatara, and setting things right again. The force of religion and morality which Buddha gave to the world acted in the land of its birth for a long, long time. The students of history know what an amount of marvellous effect it produced throughout the length and breadth of India; nay, far beyond it, at the time of the celebrated King Asoka the Great, and after.

But nothing is permanent in this world, nothing is constant, nothing perfect. Like all other things of this world, subject to change, subject to reaction, there came a reaction even in the doctrine preached by Buddha Himself, in course of time, through the ignorance which resides in men's minds; and again there began to be practised all sorts of inhuman and barbarous acts in the name of religion to gratify the animal nature of man, thus drowning the country in rank materialism and superstition once again.

When in this way the whole of the Indian religious sky was made gloomy and fearful, there appeared once more in one corner of it a luminary, who, by his wonderful power of light of reasoning and spirituality, chased away the darkness for good and made the atmosphere healthy again. And this

luminary was our Sankaracharya himself.

As in the case of all other Divinities on earth, we hear many miraculous stories about the birth of Sankara; but I would not speak much of them here. He was born in a family of a high-caste Brahman in a village of Kerala, in Southern India, about 800 A. D.

His father was a religious devotee of an orthodox type, whose great pleasure consisted in the worship of Shiva, the presiding Deity of peace and benevolence. A truly learned and good man, Shiva-guru, for that was the name of Sankara's father, spent all his life in the performance of religious duties and had become old. He was happy in all other respects except that he could not pay off his debts to his Pitris (the manes). This alone made him unhappy. A man, according to the Shastras which Shiva-guru followed, is involved in three debts from his very birth. Deva-rina, Rishi-rina and Pitri-rina; the debts to the Gods, the bright ones,—the debts to the seers, the sages,—and the debts to the fathers, the manes. And these debts are paid off by a man in three different ways. By leading a pure religious life and making sacrifices to the Gods, one is freed from the first of these debts. By studying the Scriptures and becoming quite conversant with them, one pays off to the seers the second of the debts; and by giving birth to a legitimate child, one is freed from the debt one owes to the fathers, which is the third in the list. Now Shiva-guru got rid of the first two debts by all the means he could; but as to the third, he was quite helplessly involved. As he became old he had very little hope of making himself free that way, but he believed in the grace of God. So he made up his mind to undergo certain penances prescribed by the Shastras in order to obtain a son by Divine grace, the last resort one can possibly take to. Shiva-guru, after consultation with his devoted wife who was none the less miserable for want of a child, repaired to a lonely place convenient for his purpose of devotion, and betook himself to all sorts of austerities and worship by the observance of fastings and repetitions of Mantrams, the holy name of God, and the like. In this way, when he was engaged in his sincere prayers one night, he saw in his dreams his Isham, the Ideal, who appearing before him, said: "Get up, my son and go thy way. I am well pleased with thee. Thou shalt have thy wishes fulfilled. I will be born to thee as thy son." This pleased him beyond expectations. He went home and related everything that had happened to his wife and they were both exceedingly happy. In time, Visista, the wife of Shiva-guru, bore a beautiful son, and as they got him through the grace of Shivam the Sankara, they liked to call him Sankara. We need not go through the miraculous occurrences

that are described regarding his birth and so forth. Let me say that he was born and grew gradually till he was five years old, when his parents became thoughtful about his education; for it is the custom with the Hindus to send their children to school even when they are five years old, after initiating them in the ceremony of Vidyārambha, the Inception of Education. The lives of the Hindus are so indissolubly connected with Religion and God that they can seldom do anything without the performance of some religious ceremony. Hence we find so many ceremonies performed in the lives of the Hindus, as we see done nowhere else. With the Hindus every ceremony has some deep meaning; every ceremony brings some vital change in life.

The seers of old in India saw through the light of spirituality and truth, and determined for certain, that human life was not created for the purpose of gratification of the senses, but it has some higher end in view to perform. They found that the sense enjoyments to which men become attached, and for which they strive so much, are not peculiar to them alone, but all other animals are prone to them in common with men. All other creatures of the world eat, sleep, beget children, and feel pleasure and pain, and become afraid, just in the same way as men do. There is not much difference between them in these respects. But to men alone is given the power of distinguishing good from evil, of having control over their passions, of becoming master of them all, if they only desire it, and of trying to act conscientiously and with a firm determination in that direction, and thus make themselves free; and by making themselves free from all bondages, they can know their real self and get beyond all the dual throngs of this world of relativity and serve the purpose of life once for all. This is possible for men alone, and therefore it behoves them well to at least try for that laudable end, without giving themselves up as slaves to their passions and acting according to their dictates for life long, thus being put in the same class with the brutes, only having better opportunities.

This the seers of old in India understood and realised in their lives, and in order that men may obtain this freedom from all passions and have mastery over them all even in this life, they enjoined upon them in the Shastras to divide their lives into four parts: namely, Brahmacharya, Grihastha, Vanaprastha, and Sannyasa, with their allotted duties to be performed in each. In the first part of life is to be observed the Brahmacharya, Brahma meaning Vedas, the Scriptures, and chara, to follow; that is, to lead the life of a religious student. We all know how opportune it is for anyone to learn when young. In childhood the

mind remains unsullied, ready to receive and eager to know all it can, and the impressions it receives at that time are never effaced during the whole life; and so it is the purpose of the Shastras to suggest to the young minds of the children all the truths and moral teachings that might be useful to them when they would become men. Not only this, the pupils are asked to live in the house of their teachers and always remain in their company, from whose life's example they might learn how to live rightly and form their own character. When they have grown old enough and have made themselves well versed in all departments of knowledge and quite able to think for themselves, they would return to their homes and take to some useful profession according to their individual taste and capabilities and try to carry out the principles in life which they learned as students.

Now our Sankara came to that part of life which was considered to be fit for Brahmacharya, and his father, who had himself enjoyed that blessedness in life in its time, was not slow to make arrangements for his beloved son to enter into it. On an auspicious day he had him initiated and led him to the abode of a competent teacher and committed him to his care. Sankara, who evinced signs of greatness and genius even from his infancy, began to learn from his teacher all the Scriptures with their branches in a regular way, and by his inborn power of retentive memory and extraordinary merit, became quite proficient in them all in a very short time. In short, he turned out a true master of all the branches of knowledge of the time, before long, and his name and fame went far and wide as a great genius in learning. Learned men from all parts of the country came to meet him, were extremely satisfied with his gentle behaviour and simple manners of life, and went away well pleased with his vast erudition, power of grasp, and tact of explaining things in a way which they had never found anywhere else. Now, when in this way Sankara had made himself known as a great exponent of Shastras, his father one day came to see him, and after being acquainted with his exceptional virtues, both of character and knowledge, became highly pleased with him and asked of his teacher if he could take his son home. The teacher, who felt himself proud of having such a student and who loved him more than his own son, was sorry to part with him, but, nevertheless, he gave his consent and blessed him and asked him to continue in the study of the Vedas and in explaining them to students like himself. This was the fifth year that he had been living with his teacher, and in this short time, even in his tenth year of life, he could make himself a great authority in matters of education and learning. He not only read and digested all the difficult books

then extant, but freely discussed them and made commentaries on them for the convenience of others. His power and method of argumentation were unique, and he did not let a thing go unless he made it perfectly clear and popular.

Now after taking leave of his teacher, according to the Shastric rules, he came back to his home where his mother had been waiting for him with a longing heart to see her only child who had become renowned even at such a young age. He was very happy to meet her and made obeisance to her. Thus Sankara lived in his father's house once again, now as a teacher expounding most difficult parts of Shastras, and making friendships with all the learned and great men of the time far and near. Men began to pour in to have the opportunity of hearing and learning from him, and he too was glad to teach them untiringly and well. In this way he taught a goodly number of students in all the branches of knowledge and was able to make his position in society a prosperous and influential one. In fact, now, he had almost everything in life that could make a man happy in this world. Wealth, honour, fame, friends, health, education, character, he had all these things. But in spite of all these Sankara could not feel happy. Sincere and true to the principle, Sankara began to think that true it was that he had learned a good deal and had become so famous, but had he become truly learned? He had not solved yet the problem of life at all. He had read many things in the Shastras, but had he realised them in his life? If not, what was the good of his learning them? They were only a burden to him rather than being any good to him. He understood very well that an ounce of practice was really of more worth than tons of theories. He began to think how should he realise in his life the truths he had learned in the Shastras. He looked around him and he became all the more sorry. For the condition of society was very miserable at that time. Learned men there were many, but their learning consisted in books only. They could speak nicely and explain the Shastras well, but their words did not correspond with their actions. They did not themselves do what they asked others to do, and their minds were solely engaged in earning money and enjoying material things. Sankara saw this and became more anxious for himself. His sense of responsibility was so great that he began to blame himself for all these things, and determined in his mind to become a good example for them all himself. He thought that without Spiritual regeneration there was no way to better the condition of men. But how to do that was the question.

When Sankara was in this state of mind, it so happened that Shivaguru, who had become very old, breathed his last. This sudden death of his

father brought a great change in Sankara's life. He performed the funeral ceremony of his father according to the prescribed rites with the help of his friends and relatives, and observed all the injunctions made in the Shastras for the occasion. He did all these coolly and well, but there was something acting within him which brought about a complete change in his life. He loved his father very dearly, and his death, his removal from the earthly existence struck him severely. He had been discussing about life and death in his mind since some time past. Now the actual death of one whom he held nearest and dearest brought the question home afresh and made it vitally intense. He grew serious at once and began to think about the question of death very earnestly. He determined to solve the question once for all, anyhow he could. He knew that to accomplish such an object in life, one must be wholly devoted to it, must try with his heart and soul to make it a success. He read in the Upanishads that by knowing Him, the Paramatman, one gets beyond death. There is no other way to it. Neither by progeny, nor by wealth, but by renunciation alone, man attains to immortality. So he became eager for renunciation. He wished to give up everything for the sake of the Knowledge of Self. But when he remembered about his mother, he thought his case to be hopeless. Nevertheless his determination for realising the Spirit grew so strong that at last he resolved to speak his mind to his mother and take her permission on the subject.

When he was in this mood he composed very beautiful pieces of poetry, and I like to present some of them to you in their translation form. They are full of renunciation and are indeed "Moha Mudgaram," a blow to illusion. They run thus:

"What use is there in your thinking of gaining wealth and possession, there is not a particle of happiness in them. 'Even from a son there is danger for the rich,' is a proverb told everywhere.

"Who is thy wife,—who is thy son? This world is very curious indeed. Whom do you belong to and where do you come from? Think about the truth of all this, brother."

"Be not proud of your wealth or relatives, neither of your youth, for time steals them all in the twinkling of an eye, so subject to change they all are. Know this, and detaching yourself from all these, quickly enter into the realisation of Brahman."

"In enemy or in friend, in son or in relatives, take no heed of making strife or peace. Be even-minded to all if thou desirest to attain to the state of being universal without delay."

"Unstable as the water on a lotus leaf, so is the life of man. The company of sages in this world,

even for a moment, can be like a boat to cross the sea of birth."

"Day and night, evening and morning, autumn and spring, come again and again. The time is passing and our lives are ebbing, but the wind of hope is not abating. Worship the Lord, worship the Lord, ignorant as thou art."

"Wrinkled becomes the body, the head grows grey, toothless becomes the mouth, and the staff held by the hand shakes terribly, still the cup of desire remains unchanged as ever. Worship the Lord, worship the Lord, ignorant as thou art."

"A child, always engaged in play; when young, busy in making love; in old age, merged in anxiety; not one is mindful of the Lord Supreme. Worship the Lord, worship the Lord, ignorant as thou art."

"Where there is birth, there is death, there is lying in the mother's womb again and again. This is the manifest evil in this world. How can you, O man, expect to cross this shoreless sea of Samsara without the grace of the Lord? Worship the Lord, worship the Lord, ignorant as thou art."

Now he not only thought and wrote all this, but actually settled in his mind to live this life. He said to his mother that unless a man dies even when he is alive, he cannot be free from the anxiety of death. He had read in the Shastras that sages die in their lifetime by being initiated in Sannyas, and he fully believed it. So if she would kindly allow him to take Sannyas, she would make him really happy. He said he had never before asked anything from her, and he hoped that she would not refuse him this first boon. His mother, who was of a very spiritual nature, quite understood the truth of his sayings, but could not easily be persuaded to yield. But at last, however, she was prevailed upon to give her consent to let him go, on condition that he should come and see her before her death and do the needful at that time. Sankara agreed to her proposal and left everything behind him for the purpose of gaining the knowledge of the self beyond death. After consoling his mother in every possible way and after making arrangements for the needs of her life Sankara took leave of his friends and pupils, and went out on a pilgrimage, first in the hope of finding a true sage who had attained his real self and thus had become free, in order that he also in his company and by his instructions, might attain to that state. He travelled in different parts of the country and came to the banks of the river Narmada, where he met Goudapada, an old Sannyasin, living in a cave. Sankara instinctively understood that he was a man who had attained his real self, and he asked this sage to initiate him into his holy order.

Goudapada, who thought Sankara to be a fit person in every way, was very glad to make friendship with him, but as he had taken a vow to remain completely absorbed in Brahman, he did not undertake to initiate him, but asked him to see Govindapada, his favourite disciple, for the purpose. Accordingly, he went to Govindapada, and finding him just the type of man he wanted, gave himself up to him and implored him for his deliverance.

Govindapada was extremely pleased with Sankara's worth and abilities, took him into his care and initiated him into the order of Sannyas, which he claimed to have come down from the beginning of this Kalpa or cycle. However that may be, after taking the necessary instructions from his spiritual teacher, Sankara engaged himself in deep meditation on his real self which survives death. He tried to join his speech to his thought, then that to intellect, and again those three in the soul, and finally these all into the Paramatman which is the Real Self. This was a process of Yoga or union with the Supreme. He practised this for sometime, being regularly trained up by his Gurn, the spiritual guide who had perfected himself in this path. For such a gigantic thinker like Sankara, sincere and true to the backbone in his principles, it did not take a very long time to realise his true self with the help of one who had already realised it. Sankara, after working out his own salvation in this way, became free and happy. Now he bowed down to his teacher, thanked and praised him, and asked his advice as to what he should do next. His teacher, finding him thus illumined with the light of the Knowledge of truth, which was added to his already vast amount of other powers, both moral and intellectual, requested him to preach the truth he had realised in his own life. Sankara, whose mind was so full of sympathy for others, was happy to receive such an order from his teacher, and began his preaching in right earnest.

Before Sankara left home for good, we have seen how deplorable was the condition of the learned men of society, and where the condition of the men of light and learning was such, we can easily imagine what must have been the condition of the generality of the people. In short, there was no fixed principle among the people. They were divided into various sects, whose object in life was Bhoga, enjoyment. "Eat, drink, and be merry. Death ends all,—there is nothing after death."—this materialistic doctrine was preached everywhere, and this thought reigned supreme. The effect was that men tried their best to enjoy themselves in the pursuit of sense pleasures, without ever arriving at satisfaction. There was no order, no peace in society. In this state of things Sankara began his preaching of Spirituality, by

meeting the best men of the time and convincing them about the spiritual truth he realised in his life, thus making converts of them first, and then of their followers, with much ease. In this way he travelled throughout the length and breadth of India, and by his own example and force of advanced thought, vast learning and power of argument and influence of spirituality, succeeded in stemming the tide of materialism that was flowing through the country with an irresistible force.

Of all the brilliant converts he made, Mandana Misra, subsequently known as Sureswaracharya, was supposed to have been the greatest. He was the principal of a college of the great university of the time, and was considered to be an intellectual giant in the land. Sankara heard about him and went there to meet him. At first he was denied an interview, for Mandana had no respect for the Sannyasins of that time, most of whom were very much degenerated, but at last he met Sankara and was defeated by him in a great discussion which lasted for days together. The most interesting part of the discussion was that it was presided over by a very learned lady who was chosen as umpire, and she was no other than the wife of Mandana himself. With the conversion of Mandana to Sannyas, there came a regular revolution in the then society. He had many other learned disciples besides Mandana, and with their help he succeeded in changing the minds of men to better thoughts by the diffusion of his Vedantic ideas broadcast.

When everything was going on well in this way, Sankara felt a strong desire for seeing his mother, and became anxious to start. Soon he went home but was very sorry to find her sick. She was thinking of him and became exceedingly happy to see him again, but that happiness of hers did not last long, for in a short time she gave up her mortal form. Sankara did all to please her in every way he could in her last hours, and managed to do all the necessary things on the occasion according to her will.

Here we see another example of the truth of the saying that prophets are not honoured in their own native land, for he was very much ill-treated by his relatives and own men at home during this time. But, even-minded as Sankara really was, it did not affect him at all. After some time, he again left his native land to see his disciples and instruct them to do good works for humanity. He wished them to continue their preaching and teaching among all classes of men by founding schools and centres in different parts of India.

In this way establishing order and peace in the country and finding the people once more engaged in virtuous deeds, Sankara made his way towards the Himalayas to enjoy a peaceful rest which he so

badly needed. But he could not enjoy it for long. There in the silence and peace on the summits of the Himalayas, with the lofty ideas in his brain which he depicted in his writings and the commentaries, which though given out more than one thousand years ago are so much appreciated by the best thinkers of to-day, even among the Oriental scholars of Europe and America, Sankara merged his Prana in the universal in his thirty second year of life, and became one with Brahman, the Absolute Existence Knowledge-Bliss.

Sankara did not preach any doctrine of his own, but he expounded and taught the philosophy that existed in the Upanishads from time immemorial. He wrote commentaries on sixteen books, which are commonly known as the "Three Prasthanas," the three ways to salvation. They are on twelve of the principal Upanishads, on Bhagavad-Gita and on Vyasa Suttas or Upanishads, which is very comprehensive and exhaustive and is famous by the name of Sariraka Bhashya, and also two other very useful books called Vishnu Sahasranama and Gondipadiya Karika. Besides these, he composed a good many original books on Vedanta philosophy in which he tried his best to make the Vedanta philosophy very popular and explanatory.

The object of the Vedanta philosophy is to make man free from all bondages of life by making him conscious of his real self called Paramatman, the Supreme Being. Vedanta philosophy, in short, teaches that Brahman alone is real, everything else is unreal, and the human soul is the Brahman, not separate from Him. He is one without a second. Existence, Knowledge and Bliss is His nature. So the human soul is immortal, ever conscious and free and full of bliss. As the sun, though really one, appears as many in different water-pots; as one sky appears as many in different enclosures, so the one indivisible Atman appears as many in different bodies which are the creation of Maya, the Nescience. As different ornaments made of gold, though they have different names and forms, yet are all one gold essentially, so is the Paramatman one appearing as many in names and forms through Maya. As the wave is nothing but water although it has a name and form for itself, so are the names and forms apparent only. Maya is the cause of them. This Maya is the power of the Brahman. It is ignorance without beginning. It has three qualities by which it binds all creatures. The Sattva, Rajas, and Tamas; the calmness, the activity and the inertia. These have many different phases by which Maya creates the whole world. It is neither real nor unreal. It is not real, because after a man has attained his real self it does not exist. It is not unreal, because it exists when a man does not realise his real self, but thinks that he is a body and has name and form. It is very inscrutable,

this Maya, an indescribable something. But this is true, that it vanishes after the realisation of the Brahman, which is pure One without a second. He that knows this Brahman as his own self gets rid of all fears, for all fears come from the knowledge of another different from the self. When a man knows all to be One, and that One his own self, of whom then shall he be afraid? So Vedanta philosophy teaches fearlessness. Vedanta philosophy teaches discrimination of real from unreal things. It teaches one to give up the unreal. It teaches self-control, both internal and external. It teaches patience, concentration of mind, and respect and faith in Truth. It asks men to hear about Atman, the Self, to think on It, to meditate on It, and then to realise It. For no sooner is the Atman realised than all the knots of the heart are rent asunder, all doubts are cut off, and all the duties of life are fulfilled. Blessed is he indeed who can attain this. Blessed is he who strives for this. May the dispenser of all good turn our attention to this. May we all become really happy and blessed.

FROM THE ISALMS OF TAYUMANA

SWAMI.—VII.

"O HOST OF SIDDHAS!"

I.

Ye may at will go round the ends of space
And roam abroad with all the speed of mind;
Ye may assume the Vishnu's awful form (a)
Extending up to Dhruva's sphere sublime;
Yours (is) mount of glory like Meru's Mount of gold;
Ye may drink up the seven oceans all
As you may do the water held in hand;
Handling the Airavat and Indra's world
Ye can play as with tiny balls with ease;
Ye can compress the firmament and all
Within a mustard seed and show therein
The Cardinal Mountains high and more and more
Of passing wonders ye can yet display;
Can ye not, then, appear before this slave,
O Host of Siddhas (b) wise that have attained
The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

(a) Trivikrama form.

(b) Souls who almost burst the bonds of Sam-sara and completed their course of evolution in past cycles, but who not of their love and compassion for struggling humanity choose to live in Himalayan regions and elsewhere with a view to serve humanity.

II.

The Kalpa's shade where humming bees abound
Ye can bring down on earth; ye can command
The treasures of the Lotus (c) and the Conch (d)
On either side to give whatev'r you ask,
Like willing slaves; those too who live on alms
Ye can with crowns adorn; ye can confine
The Kalpa's ending flood within a well;
Ye can transmute as splendid shining gold
A lump of clay; ye can, besides, with Grace
Support this earth upon the Mystic Staff
And thus relieve the Serpent (e) for a while:
Can you not make this stony heart of mine
Soften and melt like wax upon the fire?
O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

III.

When earth and water and the el'ments all
Commingle and dissolve, then do you merge
In that Supreme Expanse; and as the flood
Of ending Kalpa overwhelms and spreads,
Ye float, about, above, like water-flies,
In Blest Commune; should all the mighty clouds
In one of Nature's freaks expand and pour,
Ye will then reach the lustrous realm of moon
And shine therein, and at the end of Brahm (f),
The end of all, through Siva's Grace ye roam,
And when the whirlwinds rush subverting worlds
Ye can abide unmoved like Meru's Mount;
Can one with ease your wondrous powers recount?
O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

IV.

The human birth, of all the countless births,
Is held so rare, so rare! and missing this
What birth shall hence be mine and what may come
I know not. While yet I'm in this wide world,
It will be well if ye will make me merge
In ecstasy, one with that Cloud of Bliss
That doth pour forth in one unceasing flow
Descending from the Firmament of Grace;
Till I do reach this state, deign me, this slave,
That with the Grace of Kundali divine
This house of mine, this dance of life, may last,
And from the Moon the Nectar still may flow!
O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

V.

O What! What shall I call the worldly ways
Where lies abound! To feed this fleeting flesh

(c) Padma Nidhi (d) Sankha Nidhi.

(e) Adisw-sha who is said to support the entire world on his head.

(f) The end of Brahma is the dissolution of the entire cosmos.

They wander far and then lie down to sleep;
 Thus do they spend their time, this is but sin,
 No virtue this indeed; and this full well
 Even the blind do see. When shall I leave
 This folly well condemned, I know not yet.
 O'ershadowed by the thronging clouds so dark
 Ye do display your mystic Yoga's staff,
 The badge of triumph, o'er the Cardinal Mounts
 And likewise o'er the Golden Meru's Mount:
 O Kings (*g*) that tread the eightfold Yoga's lore (*h*)
 Where truth abounds! O Lords of Peace Serene!
 O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
 The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhanta!

VI.

The fourfold (*i*) mind your bidding still obeys,
 Your power extends throughout the triple spheres (*j*)
 As well in all the mighty centres six; (*k*)
 Ten kinds of mystic notes (*l*) resounding swell;
 The full moon of your rule doth shine aloft
 Throughout the ends of space; Within your hearts
 Abide the Eternal Spring and Bliss of Soul,
 As fragrance in the blooms. Thus do ye bide
 Enthroned sublime, th' Eternal Yoga's Lords,
 While Indra and the Devas all salute
 And wish success: Who can your glory tell!
 O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
 The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

VII.

Is there on earth among the human kind
 Such simple fool as I! Nor have I yet
 Controlled, a moment's time, the rush of mind
 That like the whirling wind-wheel runs and rolls,
 And realised your Grace. Nor yet besides
 Have I, in peace, with eyes well shut, restrained
 The breath of life and striven too to rouse

(*g*) The Siddhas are metaphorically addressed
 as though they are kings.

(*h*) Ashtanga Yoga consisting of Yama, Niyama,
 Asana, Pranayama, Pratyahara, Dharana, Dhyana
 and Samadhi.

(*i*) Chaturanga, meaning Manas, Buddhi, Chitta,
 Ahankara; also chariots, elephants, horses and
 infantry.

(*j*) The six centres are divided into 3 spheres
 of Agni, Surya and Chandra Mandalas. Also Bhur,
 Bhuvār and Svar Lokas.

(*k*) The Muladhara, Svadhishtana, Manipura,
 Anahata, Visuddha and Ajna Chakras in the
 body.

(*l*) The peculiar sounds heard by a Yogi with-
 in himself in the course of progress in Dhyana.

The Basic Fire (*m*) to reach the radiant moon (*n*),
 Allowing too what I had learnt and heard
 To go their way, I'm come a worldling false.
 I pray ye will reveal yourselves so well
 Like beacons on a hill, that I, this cur,
 May never more yet wander far in vain,
 O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
 The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

VIII.

Not like the Nectar sweet, nor triple fruits,
 Nor sugar-candy were these psalms of mine
 Handed to me by gods but fashioned out
 By Wisdom and by ignorance of mine
 From sobs and wails like those of weeping spirits
 And all whatever might pass through my mind.
 Nor will the world cry down these verses mine
 Inasmuch as they've grown so fond of them,
 And so while ye may ask 'O ye who know
 Freedom and Siddhis' lore, who may he be
 That made this song?' Some else of you may say,
 'A Saintly Soul that hath somewhat achieved
 That self-same lore': When shall I hear those
 words!

O! when shall I, this slave, rejoice at them!
 O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
 The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

IX.

Ye grow the nails on your fine hands and feet;
 With slender narrow waists, besmeared in white
 With sacred ash, ye shine so proud, suffused
 With Grace Divine; ye likewise look ahead
 With winkless eyes towards the Realms of Light;
 Smiting the mighty el'phant of Soul-gloom
 By night and day, ye do rejoice at heart;
 Ye seem indeed majestic with deer-skins
 And tiger-skins of diverse kinds and hues,
 And likewise as ye dwell in mountain caves
 O'ergrown with forest deep, of stately trees
 Touching the heavens, nor sun nor dew can pierce,
 The Saints praise you as Royal Hermit-Lions, (*o*)
 O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
 The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant!

X.

Verily th' unlettered ones alone are good;
 What shall I say of Karm and wit of mine
 That, having learnt, I know not aught at all;
 Should one talk of Salvation's Science and Way

(*m*) Kula-Kundalini. (*n*) Chandra Mandala.
 Some Yogis add a 7th centre 'Brahmarandhra'.
 The Chandra Mandala comprises the 'Ajna' and
 the 'Brahmarandhra.'

(*o*) The Siddhas are compared to lions. As
 lions haunting mountains and forests kill elephants,
 deers and tigers, so do the Siddhas destroy the
 animal nature.

I will maintain the law of Karma firm :
Should one hold Karma's creed, I would uphold
The Wisdom's path ; should one in Sanskrit versed
Appear, I would talk high of Tamil lore,
And should one likewise come in Tamil versed
I would discourse somewhat in Sanskrit tongue,
How can this learning mine, that can't convince
And serves but to confound, give Freedom's goal !
O Host of Siddhas wise that have attained
The harm'ny of Vedanta and Siddhant !

—A. K.

THE TENTH YEARLY REPORT OF THE MAYAVATI CHARITABLE DISPENSARY, HIMALAYAS.

In presenting the tenth annual report of our Dispensary we are glad to be able to show a gratifying record of work done during the year (Nov. '12 to Oct. '13) and also the good progress made in the building of its permanent quarters. As our readers are aware, from the statements in our previous reports, of the extreme want of medical help to poor villagers in these jungly parts of the Himalayas, we need not dilate on the utility of such an institution here.

Though we did not succeed in securing the gratuitous services of a passed Doctor to take charge of the Dispensary, the work was carried on in a satisfactory manner by the Brahmacharins of the Advaita Ashrama and we had no less than 724 patients, many of whom came for treatment from places ten to twenty miles distant. We are however expecting soon to have in our midst an experienced Doctor who has written to us expressing his earnest desire to come and take charge of our dispensary as an honorary worker; and we are sure that with the new building finished in the course of the next few months we shall be able with his help to show in the next year a record of increased usefulness in this humane work for the amelioration of the helpless condition of the sick people of these hills.

But to fulfil this urgent duty we shall necessarily require more help from our kind supporters than we have hitherto received. We are grateful to them for their practical co-operation in the past years and for their enabling us to almost complete the new Dispensary and hospital building which commands one of the finest snow-views. The building which is two-storied with a verandah on two sides, contains 6 rooms, one for 3 male indoor patients, one for 3 female indoor patients, an examining room, and on the upper story, a dispensary room, a room for the doctor, and a room for one

gentleman patient who may want to come up here for a change and pay a very moderate sum for his food and lodging. Much, however, is still left to be done before the house can be used, as for instance, the glass doors and windows, plastering, white-washing, lime-pointing, flooring, almirahs, bedsteads and other furniture. Besides these we have to build a kitchen-house containing 2 cook-rooms and one fuel-room. These cannot be done with the small balance of Rs. 232 only which is left in our hands. At the lowest estimate we will require, besides the above, a sum of at least Rs. 500 (nearly £34), and this is urgently wanted within the next 2 or 3 months, by which time it is hoped to complete the buildings and bring them into use, otherwise we shall be obliged to leave them unfinished and be hampered, as we are now, in admitting the most urgent cases of indoor patients. As the sum (Rs 500) still wanted is small, we earnestly hope that our appeal will not be in vain and that our many generous subscribers who are ever ready to help us in the cause of charity, will immediately send in their contributions, however small, towards the Building Fund, to the editor, and thus earn the gratitude of a considerable mass of helpless and invaded humanity. In sending a donation, please mention whether it is meant for the general expenses of the Dispensary or for the building fund.

We tender our thanks to Mr. F. Canning, the Sub-divisional Forest Officer of Almora, for giving us a free permit to quarry slates in the neighbourhood of Lobaghat, and also to the Swami Paramananda for so ably planning and supervising the building works.

A short report of the work done as well as a statement of Receipts and Disbursements concerning the Dispensary and the building are given below:—

(a) Statement of Diseases treated :—

Fever	53	Worms	36
Debility & Anemia	38	Liver complaints	18
Accidents	29	Lumbago	6
Dysentery	49	Bronchitis	13
Veneral Diseases	71	Ringworm	48
Gonorrhoea	62	Dyspepsia	25
Diseases of the Eye	46	Asthma	14
" " " Ear	33	Itches	52
Rheumatism	37	Sores	10
Diarrhoea	17	Other complaints	24
Colic	12				
Crisis	3				
Piles	28				
						Total	724

(b) Statement of Religion and Sex of Persons treated :—

	Men	312	Women	138	Children	112	Total
Hindus							592
Mohammedans	"	51	"	41	"	32	127
Europeans	"	3	"	2	"	0	5
Total.	"	396	"	184	"	144	724

(c) Statement of Indoor and Outdoor patients treated :—

Indoor patients :—26 ; of which 20 were cured and 6 left treatment. Outdoor patients :—698.

(d) Receipts during the year Rs. As. P.

Last year's balance ...	902	12	9
Amount of Subscriptions acknowledged in P. B. up to November '13 ...	153	7	0

Total Receipts ...	Rs. 1056	3	9
Total Disbursements ...	Rs. 134	1	9

Balance in hand, ... Rs. 922 2 0

(e) Disbursements during the year Rs. As. P.

Allopathic medicines bought ...	97	3	3
Homeopathic medicines „ ...	5	14	0
Dietary ...	3	6	6
Railway freight, postal parcels and coolie hire &c. for bringing up the things from Calcutta ...	27	10	0

Total Disbursements ... Rs. 134 1 9

(f) Statement of the total number of persons treated during the last ten years :—

	Europeans	Mahomedans	Hindus	Total
From Nov. '03 to Oct. '12 (Vide P. B. Dec '12)	73	430	5567	6070
„ Nov. '12 to Oct. '13	5	127	592	724
Total Nov. '03 to Oct. '13, 78	557	6159	6794	

(g) Statement of total Receipts and Disbursements for the Dispensary during the last ten years :—

	Public donations and subscriptions	Advaita Ashrama & P. B. Office, Mayavati	Total Receipts	Total Disbursements
	Rs. as. p.	Rs. as. p.	Rs. as. p.	Rs. as. p.
From Nov. '03 to Oct. '12	2099 10 3	1030 11 9	3130 6 0	2227 9 3
„ Nov. '12 to Oct. '13	153 7 0	0	153 7 0	134 1 9

From Nov. '03 to Oct. '13 Rs. 2253 1 3 Rs. 1030 11 9 Rs. 3283 13 0 Rs. 2361 11 0
Balance left Rs. 922-2-0 Swami Virajananda, President, Advaita Ashrama and Secretary, M. C. D.

(h) Total Receipts for the Building Fund :—

	Rs.	As.	P.
Amount of subscriptions received, as acknowledged in P. B. up to Dec. 1912 ...	2051	2	0
Do Do Do up to Nov. 1913 ...	110	0	0
By interest from the P. O. Savings Bank account ...	57	10	1
Total Receipts ...	Rs. 2218	12	1
Total Disbursements ...	Rs. 1986	1	2

Balance in hand Rs. 232 10 11

(i) Total Disbursements for the Building Fund :—

	Rs.	As.	P.
Amount of expenditure for clearing, banking up the site and building the foundations as shown in December '12 P. B. ...	284	7	9
Building materials ...	20	7	9
By Masonary work ...	383	6	3
„ Carpentry work ...	131	10	0
„ Quarrying stones ...	95	9	3
„ Carrying „ ...	126	15	6
„ Carrying earth and making mortar ...	56	7	6
„ Blacksmiths' work ...	44	3	9
„ Buying 6 Deodar trees ...	58	11	0
„ Sawing the Deodar into beams & planks ...	172	1	0
„ Carrying the beams and planks ...	90	0	9
„ Extending and banking up the site ...	73	12	6
„ Contingency expenses ...	23	2	0
„ Quarrying of Slates ...	117	11	6
„ Carrying „ ...	112	1	6
„ Personal expenses of the supervisor ...	149	8	3
„ Lime and sand ...	45	12	11

Total Disbursements Rs. 1986 1 2

THE ADVAITA ASHRAMA, MAYAVATI, HIMALAYAS

(A Report of Work from 1911 to 1913)

Having given a brief history of the aims and objects of the Advaita Ashrama as well as the work accomplished by it up to 1910, in our Nov. issue, we now proceed to present to our readers a short report of work done during the last three

years (1911—1913). Classes were held from time to time to study the Upanishads, the Bhagavad-Gita and the Yogavashishtha as well as the Works of the Swami Vivekananda. There were in all 12 Brahmachari members, who served the Ashrama

and received training, though not exceeding 4 or 5 at a time. Out of these 4 left and 5 went away to work in other centres of the Ramakrishna Mission or to lead the life of meditation, and the rest carried on the duties of the Ashrama during 1913 up to the middle of December. Since then the President having had to retire and take rest owing to his health constantly failing through over-work throughout the present year, the Belur Math has kindly sent 3 of their members to continue the work.

The most noteworthy feature of the Ashrama during the years under review is the activity it displayed in its department of publishing religious and philosophical literature. The Prabuddha Bharata is now a well-established Organ of the Ramakrishna Mission with its hundreds of subscribers in India and abroad. From the steady increase in their number and from their various letters of appreciation we can gauge the depth of their love and devotion towards it and the uplifting influence it exercises upon them. By disseminating the teachings of Vedanta through it and by carrying on a wide correspondence to help enquirers after Truth who look up to the Sannyasin conductors of the paper for solving their religious doubts and difficulties, the Ashrama has been eminently successful in creating a real interest and enthusiasm in the cause of the Order and in enlisting the sympathy and support of many sincere and generous friends. Verily, the aims of conducting the Paper has been fully realised as intended by its founder, the Swami Vivekananda, in that it has been able to bring into existence and cement a bond of friendly and, it may be said, personal relationship with a wide circle of readers differing from one another in sex, nationality and religion, but one in spirit and ideals.

But the most important work which is calculated to produce a profound and far-reaching impression on the modern generation is that, undertaken by the Eastern and Western disciples of Swamiji at the Advaita Ashrama, of presenting to the world at large an exhaustive and authoritative Life of their Master in three big Volumes, (containing about 460 pages in each, Demy size), called "THE LIFE OF THE SWAMI VIVEKANANDA," as a fitting Memorial Edition with a view to commemorate the Semi-centenary of his advent on earth. Since the last seven years they have been collecting and verifying all available facts and information concerning this great life. Everything in the way of illuminating anecdote and interpretation has been embodied in this work with a proper background so as to present this many-sided genius in all his moods and varied illumination and to reveal the *Man as he was*. It is not too much to say, that no Indian's life has ever been published in such an unique way of treatment and attractive and impressive style, and it is gratifying to note how

enthusiastically the first and the second volumes that were issued within the present year have been received by the public and the Press. The third and last volume was to have been in the hands of the readers in December, but the strain and strenuous labour involved in bringing out the previous parts, in addition to the many other duties and responsibilities of an exacting nature, have broken down the health of the chief editor, since several months, so much so that it has become an imperative necessity for him to take absolute rest for a time before trying to finish with it. At any rate we can assure the public that the third volume will be brought out in the course of the next year without fail. We hope our readers of the "Life" will excuse us for this unavoidable delay. This is also the reason of our inability to publish the Sixth part of "The Complete Works of the Swami Vivekananda. It will however be taken in hand as soon as the 3rd Vol. of the "Life" is finished, and we hope also to print the 2nd edition of the 1st Vol. of the Complete Works at the same time.

As the staff of the Ashrama was busier than ever with the above work, the Prabuddha Bharata Press was only able to issue two small books, namely, "The Minor Upanishads," and "In The Hours of Meditation," though two other books are in course of preparation.

The Ashrama, counts among its honorary guests and visitors, numbering 63 within the last 3 years, many distinguished persons, Indian and Western. The great scientist, Dr. J. C. Bose, C. S. I. passed his summer holidays every year in the precincts of the Ashrama and greatly enjoyed the calm, and the salubrious climate, returning to the field of his work fully refreshed in health and vigour. His sojourn, besides being pleasant, was highly instructive to the residents of the Ashrama. He kindly gave a lecture each year on his new discoveries, and thus the members had the opportunity of hearing with absorbing interest his discourses on (1) The Similarity of Stimulus and Response between Human organisms and plants. (2) Do plants feel? and (3) Irritability of Plants. In these lectures, he spoke of his latest discoveries before even they were given out to the public. Sister Nivedita during her last visit to the Ashrama in the summer of 1911, also gave a valuable talk to the members setting forth in her unique way the aims and ideals in Education and study that should guide the Vivekananda Brotherhood in making them eminently useful in their service to the Motherland.

The Prabuddha Bharata records the deep sense of irreparable loss it has sustained by the sudden demise of the Sister Nivedita who was a regular and esteemed contributor to its pages for a period of six years.

The Ashrama being on the way to the pilgrimages to Manas-sarovar and Kailash, many Sadhus

sojourn here for a few days. There being no suitable cottage to accommodate them, an esteemed friend has kindly donated Rs. 100 towards erecting a "Pilgrim's Rest-house," in memory of the Sister Nivedita. It is estimated to cost Rs. 400. We earnestly appeal to the public to contribute the sum of Rs. 300 required, so that we may be able to begin the building and finish it in the course of the coming year.

The Prabuddha Bharata Press and Office as well as the quarters of the Press staff being located within the Ashrama building, the quiet of the Ashrama was much disturbed by the consequent business activity and noise, and the inmates felt it rather distracting to pursue their study and meditation under such conditions. Desirous to remove this inconvenience, a beautiful, spacious building has been erected as the Press House on ground adjoining the Ashrama, at a cost of nearly 4,500 Rupees. It is a two-storied house, with Veranda running all around, and contains 4 big rooms and 4 small rooms with a bathroom; a separate Kitchen house will also be attached to it for the employees. It is gratifying to note that the whole cost, except Rs. 300 kindly donated by a friend, has been borne by the Prabuddha Bharata Office.

At the suggestion of the present writer, Swami Brahmananda, President of the Ramakrishna Mission, issued an eloquent appeal for funds in December 1911 to perpetuate in a fitting manner the blessed memory of the Swami Vivekananda, by completing the Memorial Temple that was under construction in the grounds of the Belur Math, on the banks of the Ganges. This Memorial Temple is to hold under its roof, besides the sacred ashes of the Master, a Vedic school, a library of philosophical and religious literature of the East and the West and a hall of assembly for discussions on such subjects. A most practical suggestion which would not entail a heavy tax on any one's resources, was laid before the readers of the Prabuddha Bharata, which will bear quotation here. "Let every individual who feels himself indebted in any way, whether directly or indirectly, to Swamiji and his cause, take a religious vow that he will set apart in the 50th year of Swamiji's birth (1912), one-fiftieth of his sole earnings every month and send it as a *Guru-Dakshina* (offering to the Guru).....whether monthly or at the expiry

of the year, according as it suits his convenience." Though the contributions did not pour in as expected, we are glad to state, however, that Rs. 1700 have been realised up to November 1913. The fund has been kept open and we doubt not that this cherished scheme will be fulfilled in the course of the next few years when "the dome of the Memorial Temple will raise its head high on the sacred banks of the Ganges,—an emblem of India's patriotism and religious consciousness."

The Ashrama has been able to do much good work during the last 3 years in its charitable medical relief at the Mayavati Charitable Dispensary through the continued support and co-operation of the subscribers of the Prabuddha Bharata. A German friend having donated Rs. 700 towards its general expenses, the balance at the end of its tenth year, in October 1913, stands at Rs. 922-2-0. And in response to our appeal for funds in 1911 to build permanent quarters of its own, we have received Rs. 2218-12-1, out of which Rs. 1300 were donated by the German friend mentioned above, to whom our best thanks are due. The building operations which were begun in 1912, being ably planned and supervised by the Swami Paramananda, are nearing completion, the total amount spent up to date being Rs. 1986-1-2, thus leaving a balance of Rs. 232-10-11. We urgently appeal for Rs. 500 only which will be required, besides the above sum, to complete the rest of the work of the Dispensary and Hospital building and to erect an adjoining kitchen house, as we desire to finish then within the next 2 or 3 months. We are glad to state that an experienced Doctor comes up to live permanently here as a Brahmacharin and take charge of the Dispensary from the end of December. We thank the Government for giving us free of charge 6 Deodar trees and permission to quarry slates for the roofing of the building.

A short report of the work done as well as abstract statements of receipts and disbursements up to the latter part of 1913 are given below:—

(A) Total number of persons treated:—

From Nov. '03 to Oct. '10	Europeans	Mahomedans	Hindus	Total
Nov. '10 to Oct. '11	58	280	4814	5152
" '11 " '12	6	69	437	512
" '12 " '13	9	81	316	406
" '13 " '14	5	127	592	724
Total Nov. '03 to Oct. '13, 78		557	6159	6794

(B) Total Receipts and Disbursements for the Dispensary:—

Public Donations and Subscriptions		Advaita Ashrama & P. B. Office, Mayavati		Total Receipts	Total Disbursements
	Rs. as. p.	Rs. as. p.		Rs. as. p.	Rs. as. p.
From Nov. '03 to Oct. '10	971 9 3	1030 11 9		2002 5 0	1885 0 0
" " '10 " '11	164 2 0	0		164 2 0	181 0 3
" " '11 " '12	963 15 0	0		963 15 0	161 9 0
" " '12 " '13	153 7 0	0		153 7 0	134 0 9
From Nov. '03 to Oct. '13	Rs. 2253 1	1030 11 9		3283 13	2361 11 0
Balance in hand Rs. 922—2—0					

The Ashrama acknowledges with thanks all the kind gifts received from friends and well-wishers who wish their names not to be disclosed. It is needless to say that without their continued support the Ashrama could not have carried on its various duties, private and public, with such satisfactory results. Though we are not allowed to mention the name, we cannot but conclude this short history and report without stating the fact that the life and soul of the Advaita Ashrama has been one who has all these years from the very beginning devoted, with unflinching zeal and marvellous steadfastness and renunciation, and above all with an unbounded love and self-forgetfulness, her best energies and resources, material and spiritual, to the up-keep and furtherance of the cause of Swamiji in numerous ways as embodied in this Himalayan Ashrama. Let the Advaita Ashrama Brotherhood keep before it her life of practical spirituality as the ideal of true discipleship and self-surrender to the cause of the Guru. May she live long among us shedding the serene lustre of her saintly life! So long as the Advaita Ashrama Brotherhood will implicitly follow in the footsteps of the Swami Vivekananda hand in hand with his ideal of Siva and Seva (meditation and service), so long will its uplifting influence and its power of spiritualising others by the example of its own life be irresistible and ever on the increase. May the Paramatman who resides in every soul guide and inspire it ever and ever to the consummation of the highest Goal of existence!

Swami Virajananda,
President of the Advaita Ashrama.

NEWS AND MISCELLANIES

(CULLED AND CONDENSED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES)

A LARGE fragment of what is pronounced to be crystallised gold, stated to be worth more than £2,000,000, was hewn from a gigantic meteor which Frederick Williams discovered on his ranch near Bakersfield, California.

IN conjunction with Professor Haeckel of Jena, Professor Ostwald is the leader of the Monist movement, and recently advocated the establishment of Monist monasteries where members of the Monist persuasion could retire from the world.

AMONG a party of well-to-do Chinese who arrived in New York en route for Canada was Dr. Cho-Choy, who is certified to be 145 years of age, and preserves rude health subsisting on water and some special food, which he carries in a bag round his neck.

'THE World's Advance Thought' of Portland, U. S. A. observes about Prabuddha Bharata thus: "This progressive magazine contains much of the Spiritual Wisdom of the Hindus. It has a fine uplifting influence. And this influence is appreciated in other lands besides India. It has many subscribers in Germany, Great Britain and the United States."

WE are grieved to record the death of Babu Purna Chandra Ghose, one of the most beloved disciples of Sri Ramakrishna. He was an ideal householder and universally loved by all who came in touch with him. Kind and gentle, simple as a child, singularly free from egoism, though highly honoured by the whole of the Ramakrishna Brotherhood, he always kept himself in the background. By his passing away the Ramakrishna Mission has indeed lost one of its most beautiful jewels.

WE are also grieved to learn of the death on 31st October of Babu Govinda Chandra Bhattacharjee, a devoted disciple of the Swami Vivekananda and a follower of Sri Ramakrishna. He closed his eyes for ever gazing at the Portrait of Sri Ramakrishna with a cheerful countenance. He was the Secretary of the Ramakrishna Home of Relief at Satragachi and of the Bandhab Library. He maintained many poor widows and destitutes and helped many poor students with means to continue their studies. By his death the Belur Math has lost a true friend and a constant supporter. His childlike simplicity and gentle, unassuming nature, his loving solicitations for every member and every work of the Mission will ever remain a sweet memory with all who knew him. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE following Sunday lectures were delivered by the Swamis Trigunatita and Prakashananda at the Hindu Temple, San Francisco, U. S. A., during October and November.

October 5: Man—The Maker of His Own Destiny. Material and Spiritual Civilisation. Ecstasy.

October 12: Practices of the Higher Life. Dry Intellectualism and True Philosophy. Hinduism: Its Place in the World's Religions.

October 19: Is Our Life a Meaningless Dream? The Art of Calmness in a Rush. Hypnotism in Mental and moral Culture.

October 26: Universal Consciousness. Vedanta and Judaism. Telepathy or Thought-transference.

November 2: Synthesis of Indian Thought. How to Transform Each Work into Worship? How to See the Divine Hand Everywhere?

November 9: Message from the Beyond. Monasticism and Marriage. Through Silence to Realisation.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Sri Ramakrishna

1. (a) In Samadhi, standing posture, Cabinet 10 as. Bromide Re 1 each (b) Sitting posture, Cabinet 10 as; Bromide Re 1 each; the same, card size 6 as; Bromide 10 as. each (c) Miniature photo for lockets, 1 anna; Bromide 1 anna 6 pies each

(d) Standing posture, immersed in deep Samadhi, surrounded by Brahma admirers, 5" x 4" 6 as, Bromide 10 as (e) Sri Ramakrishna's Altar at the Belur Math 5" x 4", 6 as, Bromide 10 as each (f) The Dakshimeshwar Temple Garden, Cabinet 10 as, Bromide Re 1 each (g) The Panchavati Grove, Cabinet 10 as, Bromide Re 1 each.

Swami Vivekananda

(a) (a) Seated in a chair, hair long, taken in California (b) Ditto $\frac{3}{4}$ the figure (c) Standing posture, $\frac{3}{4}$ the figure with turban on with sweetest expression (d) Bust with turban, a new picture (3) Chicago Bust with turban (4) Shaven head, Yoga posture, taken in 1892 (5) Ditto, as the teacher taken in Madras (6) Meditation posture, deeply absorbed, with turban and long robe on, a beautiful picture, taken in England (7) Sitting posture, with turban, taken in Colombo (8) 27 different postures of Swami Vivekananda in miniature forms each cabinet size photo containing 910 times, divided in 3 groups (a) Indian, (b) English, and (c) American (9) Chicago picture in a lecture posture (10) Full figure standing posture, Wand in, Monk with staff in hand

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Ramakrishna Mission Brotherhood

(10) Swami Brahmananda, President (i) Sitting posture, (b) Standing posture (11) Swami Sudhanda Sakti of the R K Mission (12) Crossin Garden Group with Swami some of his Sannyasin brothers and Western and Eastern disciples and admirers (17 figures)

(13) Sannyasin group, containing ten Sannyasin disciples of Sri Ramakrishna—Swamis Brahmananda, Turyamanda, Abhedananda, Indramita, Nirmalananda &c (14) Swami Swarupmunda (a) Sitting posture (b) Bust

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(15) Sri Ramakrishna Sitting posture Swami Vivekananda (16) Meditation posture, (17) Chicago Parliament of Religions picture (18) Madras picture. (19) Colombo picture (20) Standing posture, Wandering monk, taken in Madras, before going to the West

10, 15, or 16, or 17, or 18, or 19, or 20,—1 1/2 anna each

(21) Swami Abhedananda. Bust. One anna each.
(22) The Ramakrishna Math, Belur. (23) The Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Himalayas. No. 22 or 23, 1 1/2 anna each
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